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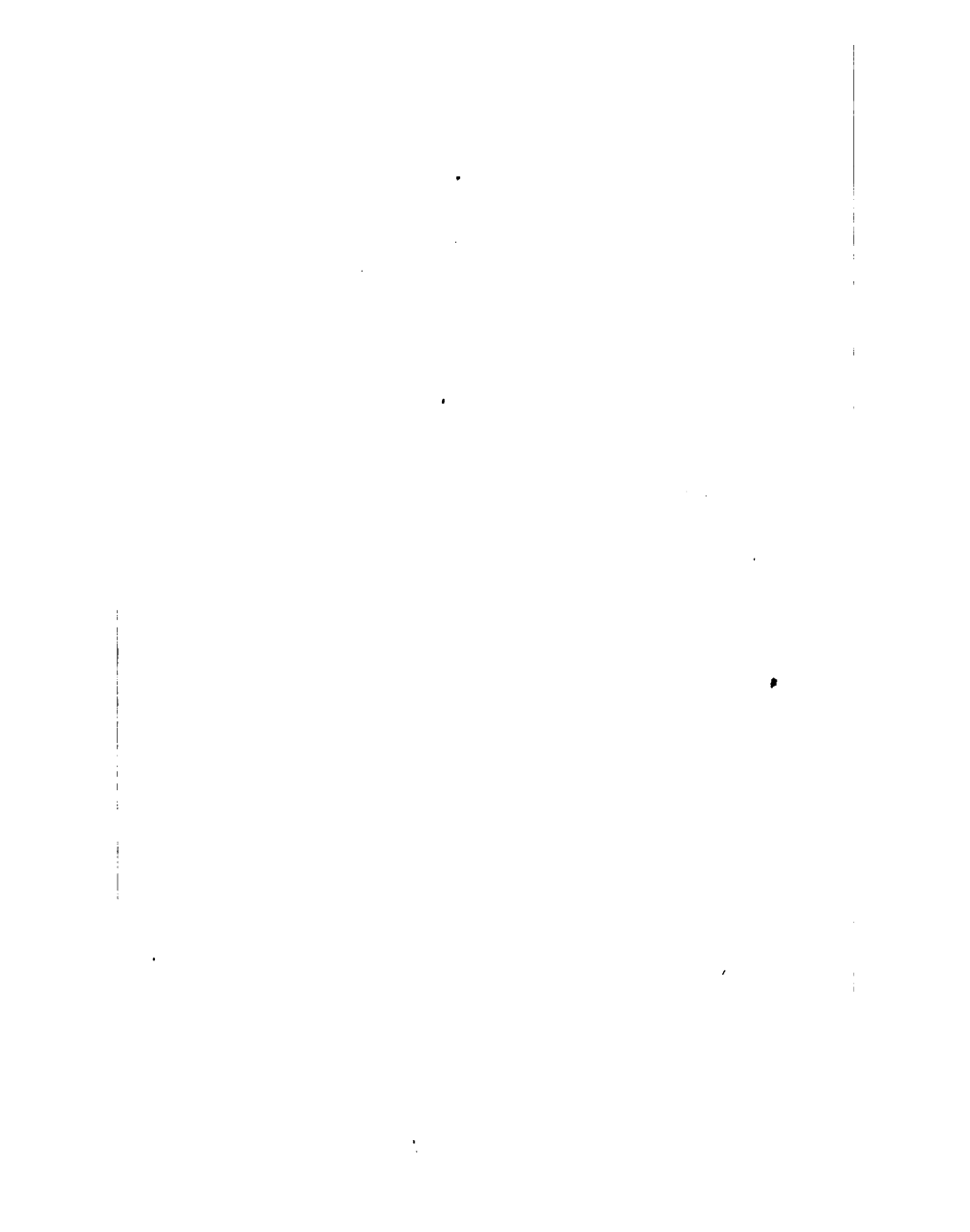


THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918



A DOCTOR OF
THE OLD SCHOOL





DR. MAC LURE

0

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

BY

IAN MACLAREN

With Illustrations by

FREDERICK C. GORDON



NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

1897

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PREFACE

It is with great good will that I write this short preface to the edition of "A Doctor of the Old School" (which has been illustrated by Mr. Gordon after an admirable and understanding fashion) because there are two things that I should like to say to my readers, being also my friends.

One, is to answer a question that has been often and fairly asked. Was there ever any doctor so self-forgetful and so utterly Christian as William MacLure? To which I am proud to reply, on my conscience: Not one man, but many in Scotland and in the South country. I will dare prophecy also across the sea.

It has been one man's good fortune to know

PREFACE

four country doctors, not one of whom was without his faults—Weelum was not perfect—but who, each one, might have ~~set~~ ^{served} for my hero. Three are now resting ~~from~~ ^{from} their labors, and the fourth, if he ever should see these lines, would never identify himself.

Then I desire to thank my readers, and chiefly the medical profession for the reception given to the Doctor of Drumtochty.

For many years I have desired to ~~pay~~ ^{pay} some tribute to a class whose service to the community was known to every countryman, but after the tale had gone forth my heart failed. For it might have been despised for the little grace of letters in the style and because of the outward roughness of the man. But neither his biographer nor his circumstances have been able to obscure MacLure who has himself won all honest hearts, and received afresh the recognition of his more distinguished brethren. From all parts of the

PREFACE

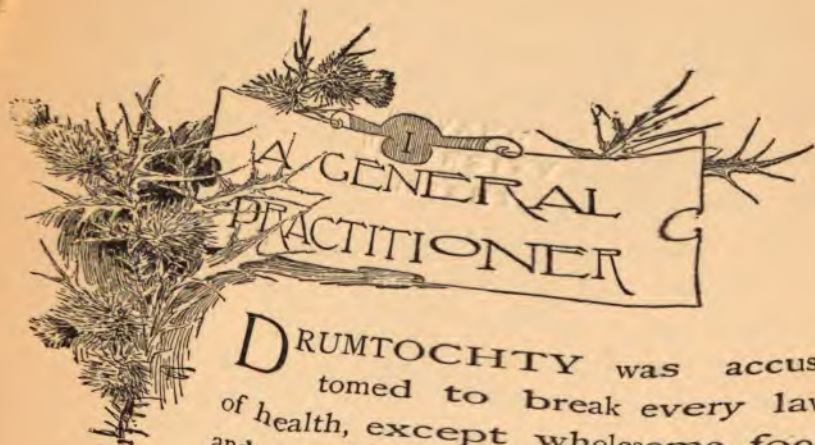
English-speaking world letters have come in commendation of Weelum MacLure, and many were from doctors who had received new courage. It is surely more honor than a new writer could ever have deserved to receive the approbation of a profession whose charity puts us all to shame.

May I take this first opportunity to declare how deeply my heart has been touched by the favor shown to a simple book by the American people, and to express my hope that someday it may be given me to see you face to face.

IAN MACLAREN.

Liverpool, Oct. 4, 1895.

A GENERAL PRACTITIONER.



DRUMTOCHTY was accustomed to break every law of health, except wholesome food and fresh air, and yet had reduced the Psalmist's farthest limit to an average life-rate. Our men made no difference in their clothes for summer or winter, Drumsheugh and one of the larger farmers condescending to a topcoat on Sabbath, as a penalty of their position, and without regard to temperature

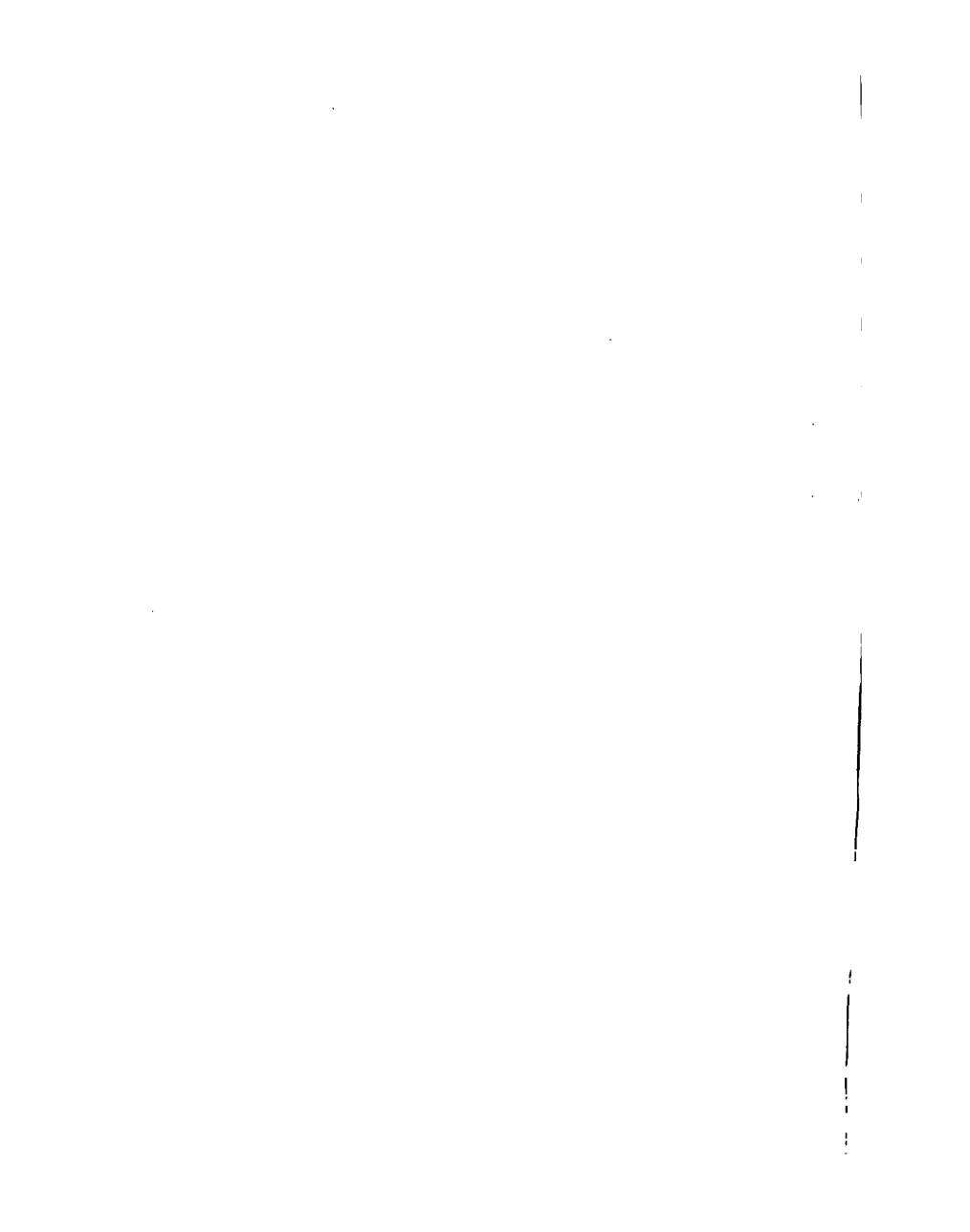
A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

They wore their blacks at a funeral, refusing to cover them with anything, out of respect to the deceased, and standing longest in the kirkyard when the north wind was blowing across a hundred miles of snow. If the rain was pouring at the Junction, then Drumtochty stood two minutes longer through sheer native dourness till each man had a cascade from the tail of his coat, and hazarded the suggestion, halfway to Kildrummie, that it had been "a bit scrowie," a "scrowie" being as far short of a "shoor" as a "shoor" fell below "weet."

This sustained defiance of the elements provoked occasional judgments in the shape of a "hoast" (cough), and the head of the house was then exhorted by his women folk to "change his feet" if he had happened to walk through a burn on his way home, and was pestered generally with sanitary precautions. It is right to add that the



SANDY STEWART "NAPPED" STONES



A GENERAL PRACTITIONER

gudeman treated such advice with contempt, regarding it as suitable for the inanity of towns, but not seriously for Drumtochty. Sandy Stewart "stones on the road in his shirt sleeve fair, summer and winter, till he was, to retire from active duty at eighty he spent ten years more in regretting his untidiness and criticising his successful ordinary course of life, with fine attented minds, was to do a full work till seventy, and then to "orra" jobs well into the eight "slip awa" within sight of ninety above ninety were understood to / themselves with credit, and ass authority, brushing aside the seventy as immature, and cor conclusions with illustrations d / end of last century.

When Hillocks' brother so

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

self as to "slip awa" at sixty, that worthy man was scandalized, and offered laboured explanations at the "beerial."

"It's an awfu' business ony wy ye look ~~at~~ at it, an' a sair trial tae us a'. A' never heard tell o' sic a thing in oor family afore, an' it's no easy accoontin' for't.

"The gudewife was sayin' he wes never ~~the~~ same sin' a weet nicht he lost himsel on ~~the~~ muir and slept below a bush; but that's neither here nor there. A'm thinkin' he sappit his constitution thae twa years he wes grieve about England. That wes thirty years syne, but ye're never the same aifter thae foreign climates."

Drumtochty listened patiently to Hillocks' apology, but was not satisfied.

"It's clean havers about the muir. Losh keep's, we've a' sleepit oot and never been a hair the waur.

"A' admit that England nicht hae dune the

A GENERAL PRACTITIONER

job; it's no cannie stravagin' yon wy frae place
tae place, but Drums never complained tae
me if he hed been nipit in the Sooth."

The parish had, in fact, lost confidence in
Drums after his wayward experiment with a
potato-digging machine, which turned out a
lamentable failure, and his premature depar-
ture confirmed our vague impression of his
character.

"He's awa noo," Drumsheugh summed up,
after opinion had time to form; "an' there
were waur fouk than Drums, but there's nae
doot he was a wee flichty."

When illness had the audacity to attack a
Drumtochty man, it was described as a
"whup," and was treated by the men with a
fine negligence. Hillocks was sitting in the
post-office one afternoon when I looked in for
my letters; and the right side of his face was
blazing red. His subject of discourse was the
prospects of the turnip "breer," but he casu-

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL
ally explained that he was waiting for medical advice.

"The gudewife is keepin' up a ding-dong frae mornin' till nicht aboot ma face, and a'm fair deaved (deafened), so a'm watchin' for MacLure tae get a bottle as he comes wast; yon's him noo."

The doctor made his diagnosis from horse-back on sight, and stated the result with that admirable clearness which endeared him to Drumtochty.

"Confoond ye, Hillocks, what are ye ploiterin' aboot here for in the weet wi' a face like a boiled beet? Div ye no ken that ye've a titch o' the rose (erysipelas), and ocht tae be in the hoose? Gae hame wi' ye afore a' leave the bit, and send a haflin for some medicine. Ye donnerd idiot, are ye ettlin tae follow Drums afore yir time?" And the medical attendant of Drumtochty continued his invective till Hillocks started, and still pursued his



"THE GUDEWIFE IS KEEPIN' UP A DING-DONG"

retreating figure with medical
simple and practical character.

"A'm

peety ye
time. Keep



mornin', and
dinna show
yir face in the
fields till a'
see ye. A'll
gie ye a cry on Monday
—sic an auld fule—but
there's no ane o' them
tae mind anither in the hale pairish."

Hillocks' wife informed the kirkyaird
the doctor "gied the gudeman an awfu' cle
in'," and that Hillocks "wes keepin' t

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

case," which meant that the patient had
fast, and at that time was wand
the farm buildings in an easy un
his head in a plaid.

It was impossible for a doctor to earn e
the most modest competence from a people
such scandalous health, and so MacLure h
annexed neighbouring parishes. His house-
little more than a cottage—stood on the roac
side among the pines towards the head of our
Glen, and from this base of operations he
dominated the wild glen that broke the wall
of the Grampians above Drumtochty—where
the snow drifts were twelve feet deep in win-
ter, and the only way of passage at times was
the channel of the river—and the moorland
district westwards till he came to the Dunleith
sphere of influence, where there were four doc-
tors and a hydropathic. Drumtochty in its
length, which was eight miles, and its breadth,
which was four, lay in his hand; besides a

glen behind, unknown to the world
the night time he visited at the risk
the way thereto was across the big
its peat holes and treacherous bog
held the land eastwards towards
far as Geordie, the Drumtochty p
every day, and could carry word
tor was wanted. He did his best
of every man, woman and child
straggling district, year in, year
snow and in the heat, in the dar
light, without rest, and without
forty years.

One horse could not do the work
man, but we liked best to see him
white mare, who died the week after
ter, and the passing of the two did our
good. It was not that he rode beau
for he broke every canon of art, flying
his arms, stooping till he seemed to be sp
ing into Jess's ears, and rising in the saddle

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL



beyond all necessity. But he could rise faster, stay longer in the saddle, and had a firmer grip with his knees than any one I ever

A GENERAL

met, and it was all for
the reapers in harvest tir
ing past in a cloud of
the foot of Glen Urtach
fire on a winter's night
of a horse's hoofs on
shepherds, out after th
black speck moving acro
upper glen, they knew
and, without being consc
him God speed.

Before and behind his sa
instruments and me

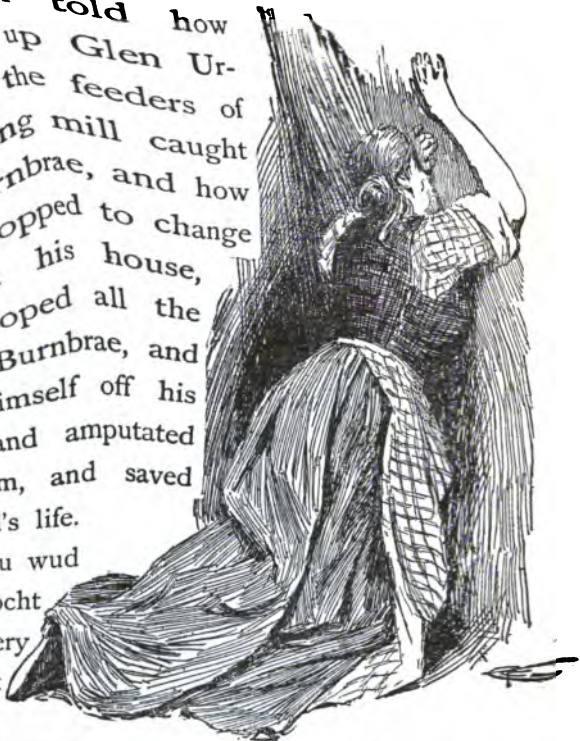
He want, for he never
want him. There were no s
ty, so this man had to
be could, and as quick
gr and doctor for every c
was accoucheur and sur
and aurist; he was de
mist, besides being chen

DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

A often told how
It was far up Glen Ur-
he was tach the feeders of
when the threshing mill caught
the young Burnbrae, and how
he only stopped to change
horses at his house,
and galloped all the
way to Burnbrae, and
flung himself off his
horse and amputated
the arm, and saved
the lad's life.

"You wud
hae thoct
that every
meenut
was an

hour," said Jamie Soutar, who had been at
the threshing, "an' a'll never forget the puir
lad lying as white as deith on the floor o'



A GENERAL PR

the loft, wi' his head on
brae haudin' the bandag
a' the while, and the mi
corner.

"Will he never come
heard the soond o' the
road a mile awa in the fros

"The Lord be praised
and a' slippit doon the lac
came skelpin' intae the cle
frae his horse's mooth.

"Whar is he?' wes a' t
"In five meenuts he hed
and wes at his wark—

ward, he did it weel. An'
thochtfu' o' him: he fir

nither tae get a bed re
Joo that's feenished, ar

the rest,' and he ca
ladder in his airms like

in his bed, and waits asi

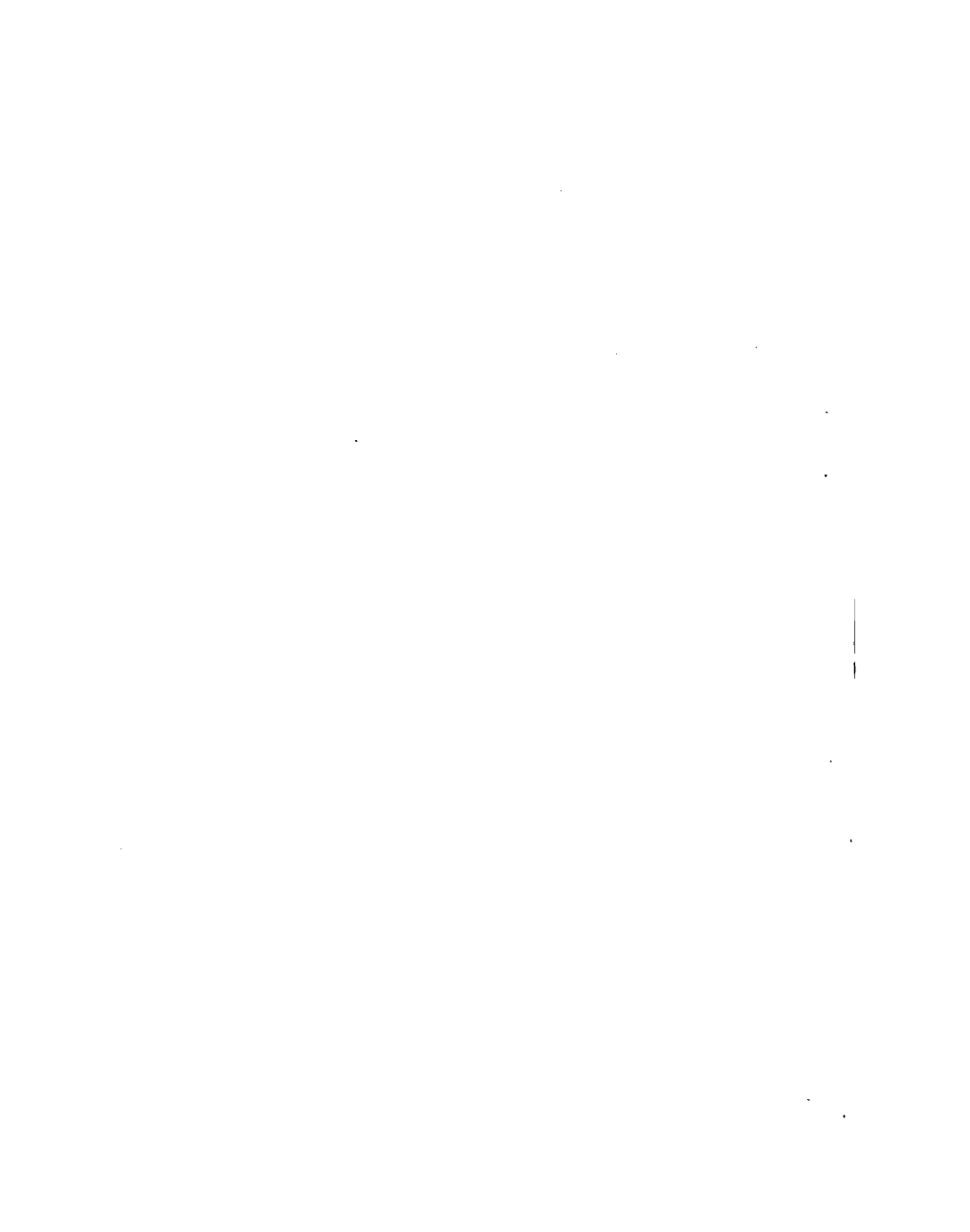
DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

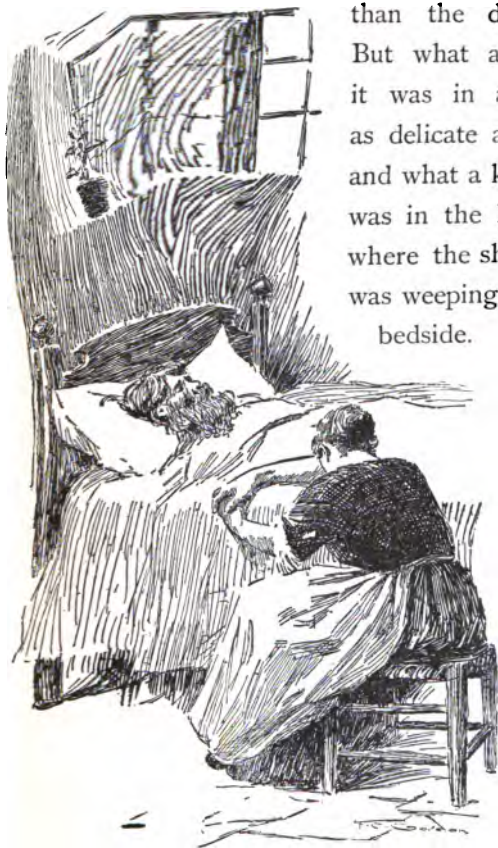
and then says he: 'Burnbrae, yir a
ad never tae say 'Collie, will yelick?'
hevna tasted meat for saxteen hoors.'
It was mighty tae see him come intae the
ad that day, neeburs; the verra look o' him
s victory."

Jamie's cynicism slipped off in the enthusiasm of this reminiscence, and he expressed the feeling of Drumtochty. No one sent for MacLure save in great straits, and the sight of him put courage in sinking hearts. But this was not by the grace of his appearance, or the advantage of a good bedside manner. A tall, gaunt, loosely made man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body, his face burned a dark brick color by constant exposure to the weather, red hair and beard turning grey, honest blue eyes that look you ever in the face, huge hands with wrist bones like the shank of a ham, and a voice that hurled his salutations across two fields, he suggested the moor rather



"THE VERRA LOOK O' HIM WES VICTOR





than the dr
But what a
it was in a
as delicate as
and what a ki
was in the h
where the she
was weeping l
bedside. I

scar that cut into his right eyebrow and gave him such a sinister expression, was got one night Jess slipped on the ice and laid him insensible eight miles from home. His limp marked the big snowstorm in the fifties, when his horse missed the road in Glen Urtach, and they rolled together in a drift. MacLure escaped with a broken leg and the fracture of three ribs, but he never walked like other men again. He could not swing himself into the saddle without making two attempts and holding Jess's mane. Neither can you "warstle" through the peat bogs and snow drifts for forty winters without a touch of rheumatism. But they were honorable scars, and for such risks of life men get the Victoria Cross in other fields.

MacLure got nothing but the secret affection of the Glen, which knew that none had ever done one-tenth as much for it as this ungainly, twisted, battered figure, and I have



"FOR SUCH RISKS OF LIFE MEN GET THE VICTORIA CROSS IN C
FIELDS"

A GENERAL PR

seen a Drumtochty face s
MacLure limping to his l
Mr. Hopps earned the i
ever by criticising the doct
it would have filled any to
ment. Black he wore on
ment Sunday, and, if pos
topcoat or waterproof neve
waistcoat were rough hom
tach wool, which threw off t
back, and below he was clad
tan trousers, which disappea
boots.

His shirt wa
uncertain about a co
which he never ha
seven different shapes.
in dress was the
the subject of unending
Some threep that he's w
the last twenty year, a

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

him gettin' a tear ahint, when he was crossin' oor palin', and the mend's still veesible.

"Ithers declare 'at he's got a wab o' claith, and hes a new pair made in Muirtown aince in ie twa year maybe, and keeps them in the arden till the new look wears aff.

"For ma ain pairt," Soutar used to declare, 'canna mak up my mind, but there's ae ing sure, the Glen wud not like tae see him shoot them: it wud be a shock tae con-
eence. There's no muckle o' the check left, ye can aye tell it, and when ye see thae eks comin' in ye ken that if human pooer save yir bairn's life it 'ill be dune."

he confidence of the Glen—and tributary s—was unbounded, and rested partly on experience of the doctor's resources, and y on his hereditary connection.

His father was here afore him," Mrs. Mac-
n used to explain; "atween them they've
he countyside for weel on tae a century;

A GENERAL PRACTITIONER

if MacLure disna understand oor consti
wha dis, a' wud like tae ask?"

For Drumtochty had its own constit
and a special throat disease, as became a pa
which was quite self-contained between
woods and the hills, and not dependent on
lowlands either for its diseases or its docto

"He's a skilly man, Doctor MacLure," c
tinued my friend Mrs. Macfayden, whose ju
ment on sermons or anything else was seld
at fault; "an' a kind-hearted, though o' coo
he hes his faults like us a', an' he disna trib
the Kirk often.

"He aye can tell what's wrang wi' a bo
an' maistly he can put ye richt, and ther
nae new-fangled wys wi' him: a blister for t
ootside an' Epsom salts for the inside dis
wark, an' they say there's no an herb on th
hills he disna ken.

"If we're tae dee, we're tae dee; an'
we're tae live, we're tae live, concluded Els

DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

th sound Calvinistic logic; "but a'll
; for the doctor, that whether yir tae
dee, he can aye keep up a sharp meis-
the skin.

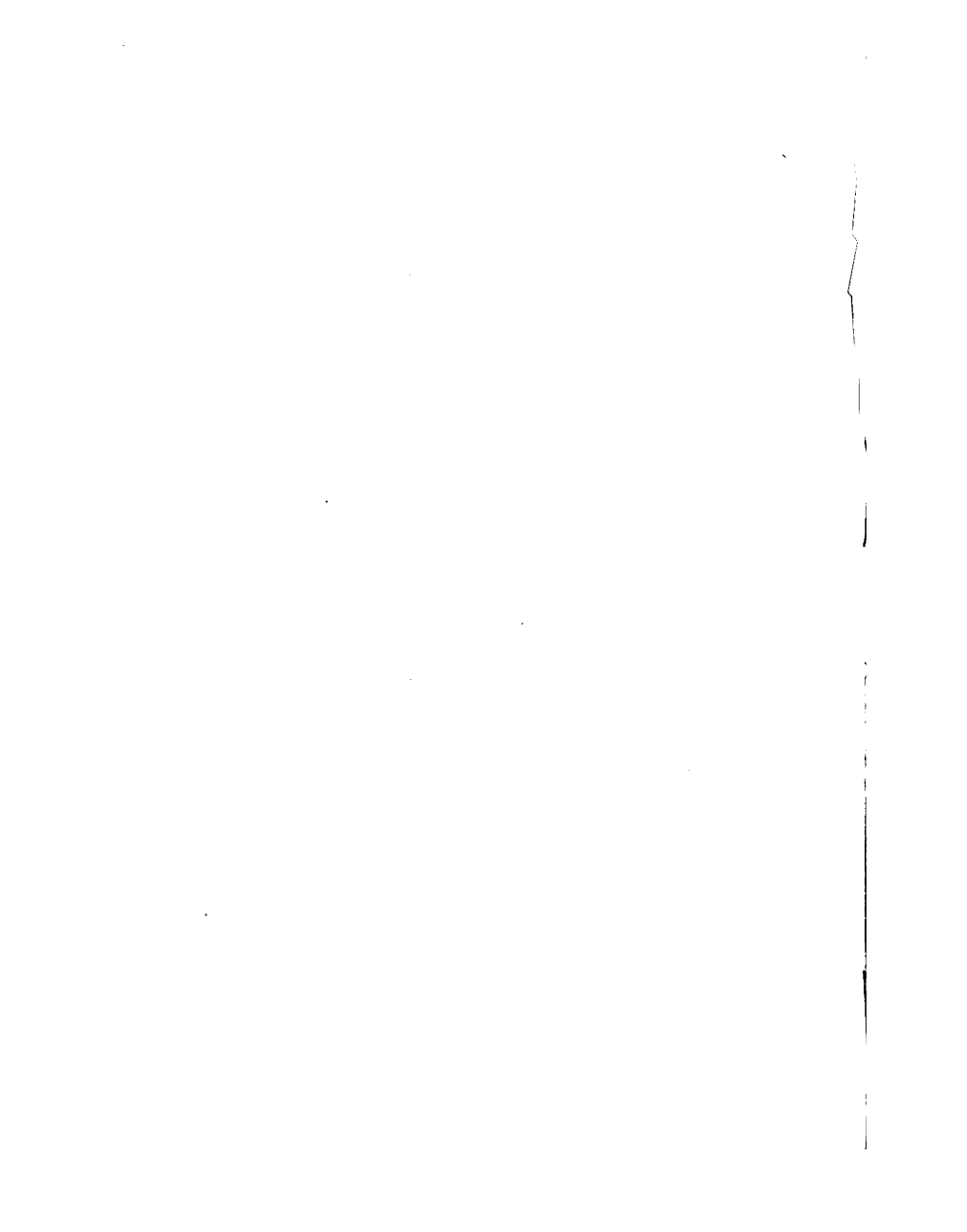
at he's no veera ceevil gin ye bring him
there's naethin' wrang," and Mrs. Mac-
's face reflected another of Mr. Hopps'
ventures of which Hillocks held the
right.

Hopps' laddie ate grosarts (gooseberries)
they hed to sit up a' nicht wi' him, an'
hin' wud do but they maun hae the doc-
an' he writes 'immediately' on a slip o'
er.

Weel, MacLure had been awa a' nicht wi'
epherd's wife Dunleith wy, and he comes
ewithoot drawin' bridle, mud up tae the een.
"What's a dae here, Hillocks?" he cries;
's no an accident, is't?" and when he got aff
; horse he cud hardly stand wi' stiffness and
e.



"HOPTS' LADDIE ATE
GROSARTS"



A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

hed four and twenty mile tae look aifter. There's naethin' wrang wi' yir laddie but greed. Gie him a gude dose o' castor oil and stop his meat for a day, an' he 'ill be a' richt the morn.'

" 'He 'ill not take castor oil, doctor. We have given up those barbarous medicines.'

" 'Whatna kind o' medicines hae ye noo in the Sooth?'

" 'Well, you see, Dr. MacLure, we're homœopaths, and I've my little chest here,' and oot Hopps comes wi' his boxy.

" 'Let's see't,' an' MacLure sits doon and taks oot the bit bottles, and he reads the names wi' a lauch every time.

" 'Belladonna; did ye ever hear the like? Aconite; it coves a'. Nux Vomica. What text? Weel, ma m'annie,' he says tae Hopps, it's a fine ploy, and ye 'ill better gang on wi' he Nux till it's dune, and gie him ony ither the sweeties he fancies.

A GENERAL

"Noo, Hillocks, a
Drumsheugh's grieve, for ne
fever, and it's tae be a teuch fech
time tae wait for dinner; gie me
an' cake in ma haund, and Jess
o' meal an' water.

"Fee; a'm no wantin' y
that boxy ye dinna need a doc
siller tae some puir body, M
he was doon the road as ha

His fees were pretty m
chose to give him, and he
a year at Kildrummie fair.

"Well, doctor, what an
wife and bairn? Ye 'ill n
that nicht ye stayed in
the veesits."

"Havers," MacLure wo
are low, a'm hearing; gi

"No, a'll no, or the wi
off," and it was settled for

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Lord Kilspindie gave him a free house and fields, and one way or other, Drumsheugh told me, the doctor might get in about £150 a year, out of which he had to pay his old housekeeper's wages and a boy's, and keep two horses, besides the cost of instruments and books, which he bought through a friend in Edinburgh with much judgment.

There was only one man who ever complained of the doctor's charges, and that was the new farmer of Milton, who was so good that he was above both churches, and held a meeting in his barn. (It was Milton the Glen supposed at first to be a Mormon, but I can't go into that now.) He offered MacLure a pound less than he asked, and two tracts, whereupon MacLure expressed his opinion of Milton, both from a theological and social standpoint, with much vigor and frankness that an attentive audience of Drumtochty men could hardly sustain themselves.

Jamie Soutar was selling his
and missed the meeting, but
condole with Milton, who was
everywhere of the doctor's la

"Ye did richt tae resist him



roose the Glen tae mak a st
them in bondage.

"Thirty shillings for tw
no mair than seven mile
there werena mair than for

"Ye
a' bod'y
tracts.

"Wes't
him?
collect kin'
for him.

"A've often thocht oor doctor's little better
than the Gude Samaritan, an' the Pharisees
didna think muckle o' his chance aither in this
warld or that which is tae come."



DOCTOR MACLURE did lead a solemn procession from the sick bed to the dining room, and give his opinion at the hearthrug with an air of wisdom bordering on the supernatural, because neither the Drummond houses nor his manners were on that scale. He was accustomed to deliver his opinions in the yard, and to conclude his discourse with one foot in the stirrup ; but when

R OF THE OLD SCHOOL

the life of Annie Mitchell was
way, our doctor said not one
e sight of his face her hus-
troubled.

l man, Tammas, who could
aning of a sign, and labored
l disability of speech; but
him that day, and a mouth.
yir lookin', doctor? tell's
annie no come through?"
d MacLure straight in the
linched his duty or said

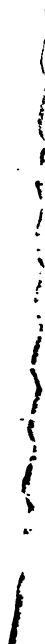
thing tae say Annie hes a
na; a' doot yir gaein' tae

he saddle, and as he gave
l his hand on Tammas's
the rare caresses that

ss, but ye 'ill play the



"A' DOOT YIE GAERIN'



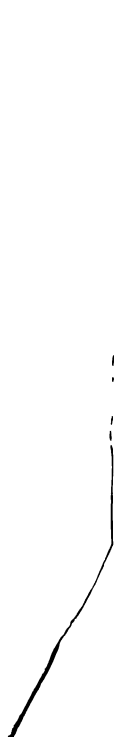
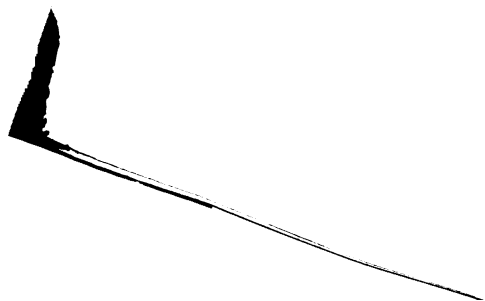
THE OLD SCHOOL

ower late. . . . She
at a' wesna worthy o'
ne said, 'Yir ma ain
d be kinder tae me.'
ed tae be kind, but a'
es a' micht hae dune
me is bye. . . . Nae-
she wes wi' me, and
me, an' never pit me
k. . . . An' we never
ane in twal year. . . .
an and wife, we were
. . . . Oh, ma bonnie
ies an' me dae without

s falling fast, the snow
und, and the merciless
hrough the close as
his sorrow dry-eyed,
d Drumtochty men.
Jess moved hand or
;



"THE BONNIE
LASS"



THROUGH THE FLOOD

foot, but their hearts were with their fellow creature, and at length the doctor made a sign to Marget Howe, who had come out in search of Tammas, and now stood by his side.

“Dinna mourn tae the brakin’ o’ yir hert, Tammas,” she said, “as if Annie an’ you hed



never luvd. Neither death nor time can pairt them that luv; there’s naethin’ in a’ the world sae strong as luv. If Annie gaes frae the sichot’ yir een she ’ill come the nearer tae yir hert. She wants tae see ye, and tae hear ye say that ye ’ill never forget her nicht nor day till ye meet in the land where there’s nae

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

pair—tin'. Oh, a' ken what a'm saying', for it's
 five year noo sin George gied awa, an' he's
 mai r wi' me noo than when he wes in Edin-
 boro, and I was in Drumtochty."
 "Thank ye kindly, Marget; thae are gude



words and true, an' ye hev the richt tae say
 them; but a' canna dae without seein' Annie
 comin' tae meet me in the gloamin', an' gaein'
 in an' oot the hoose, an' hearin' her ca' me by

THR

ma name, an' a'
her when there's

"Can naethin'

Flora Cammil, a
shepherd's wife l
sae prood o' ye, a
hed keepit deith
no think o' someth
her back tae her
Tammias searched t
weird light.

"There's nae poc
luve," Marget said t
the weak strong an
Oor herts were as
words, an' a' saw t
saddle. A' never ken
hed a share in a'bod
heaviest wecht o' a' th
wi' Tammias lookin' at
he hed the keys o' lif

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

But he wes honest, and wudna hold oot a false houp tae deceive a sore hert or win escape for himsel'."

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, to dae the best a' can for yir wife. Man, a' kent her lang afore ye ever luv'd her; a' brocht her intae the warld, and a' saw her through the fever when she wes a bit lassikie; a' closed her mither's een, and it was me hed tae tell her she wes an orphan, an' nae man wes better pleased when she got a gude husband, and a' helpit her wi' her fower bairns. A've naither wife nor bairns o' ma own, an' a' coont a' the fouk o' the Glen ma family. Div ye think a' wudna save Annie if I cud? If there wes a man in Muirtown 'at cud dae mair for her, a'd have him this verra nicht, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble.

"Tammas, ma puir fallow, if it could avail, a' tell ye a' wud lay doon this auld worn-oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith

THRE

sittin' at the fires
couthy an' canty
Tammass, it's no t

"When a' lookit
said, "a' thocht him
saw. He was tra
judging there's nae

"It's God's wull
a sair wull for me,
you, doctor, for a'
said the nicht," and
with Annie for the
Jess picked her w
the main road,
experience, an
long her according
with her, Jess wum
a' hae tae fa
ma chance o
tach drift than t
fe wes deein'.

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

frae me for fear a' wud lauch at them. Me
think wi' us could, empty hame!

"Ye're the only man kens, Weelum, that I
hae loved the noblest wumman in the glen
anywhere, an' a' love her still, but wi'
aither have noo.

"She had given her heart tae anither, or
a'ye think a' micht hae won her, though nae
man be worthy o' sic a gift. Ma hert turned
tae bitterness, but that passed awa beside the
a'ye bish whar George Hoo lay yon sad sim-
mer time. Some day a'll tell ye ma story,
Weelum, for you an' me are auld freends, and
wi' be tae we dee."

MacLure felt beneath the table for Drums-
bush's hand, but neither man looked at the
other.

"Weel, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we
haena mickle brightness in oor ain hames, is
tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither
house. Write the telegram, man, and Sandy



"THE EAST HAD COME TO MEET THE WEST"

FOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL
But he wes honest, and wudna hold oot a
false houp tae deceive a sore hert or win es-
cape for himsel'."

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, to dae
the best a' can for yir wife. Man, a' kent her
lang afore ye ever luv'd her; a' brocht her
intae the warld, and a' saw her through the
fever when she wes a bit lassikie; a' closed
her mither's een, and it was me hed tae tell
her she wes an orphan, an' nae man wes better
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THE
sittin' at the fir
couthy an' can
Tammās, it's ne

"When a' loo
said, "a' thocht

saw. He was
judging there's

"It's God's
a sair wull for
you, doctor, fo
said the nicht,"
with Annie for

Jess picked
to the main re
long experienc
with her accor

"Eh, Jess
wark a' hae t
ta'en ma cha
Urtach drift
wife wes deer

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

"A" said she cudna be cured, and it wes true, for there's juist ae man in the land fit for't, and they micht as weel try tae get the mune oot o' heaven. Sae a' said naethin' tae vex Tammas's hert, for it's heavy eneuch withoot regrets.

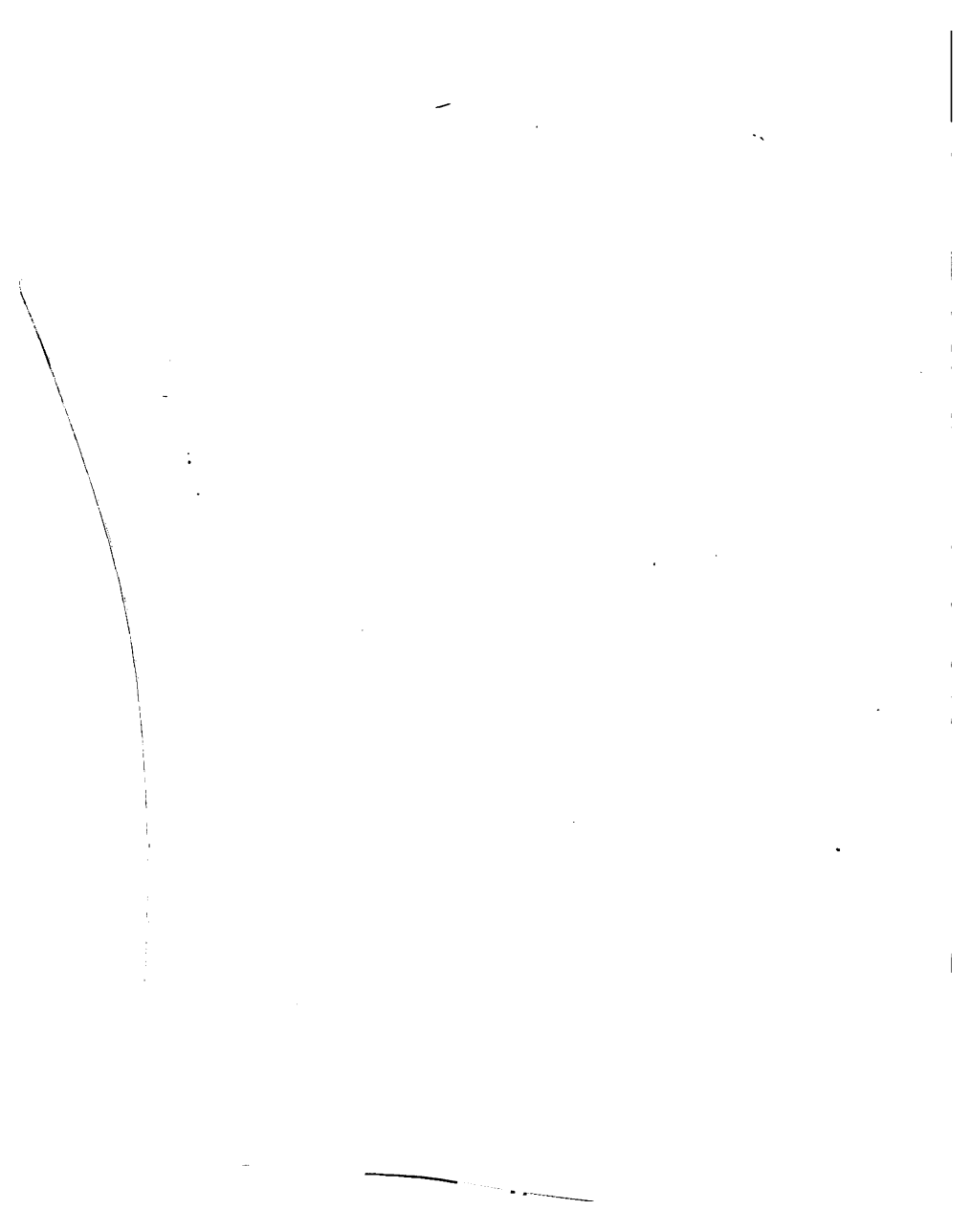
"But it's hard, Jess, that money wud buy life after a', an' if Annie wes a duchess her man wudna lose her; but bein' only a puir cottar's wife, she maun dee afore the week's oot.

"Gin we hed him the morn there's little doot she wud be saved, for he hesna lost mair than five per cent. o' his cases, and they 'ill be puir toon's craturs, no strappin women like Annie.

"It's oot o' the question, Jess, sae hurry up, lass, for we've hed a heavy day. But it wud be the grandest thing that was ever dune in the Glen in oor time if it could be managed by hook or crook.



“it's oot o' t



THROUGH THE FLOOD

"We 'ill gang and see Drumsheugh, he's anither man sin' Geordie Hoo's deit! he wes aye kinder than fouk kent;" an doctor passed at a gallop through the v whose lights shone across the white bound road.

"Come in by, doctor; a' heard ye c road; ye 'ill hae been at Tammas Mitcl hoo's the gudewife? a' doot she's sober."

"Annie's deein', Drumsheugh, an' Ta is like tae brak his hert."

"That's no lichtsome, doctor, no licht ava, for a' dinna ken ony man in Drumt sae bund up in his wife as Tammas there's no a bonnier wumman o' he crosses our kirk door than Annie, nor a erer at her wark. Man, ye 'ill need tae brains in steep. Is she clean beyond ye

"Beyond me and every ither in th but ane, and it wud cost a hundred g tae bring him tae Drumtochty."

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

“Certes, he’s no blate; it’s a fell chairge for
a short day’s work; but hundred or no hun-



dred we 'll hae him, an' no let Annie gang,
and her no half her years."

"Are ye meanin' it, Drumsheugh?" and
MacLure turned white below the tan.

"William MacLure," said
one of the few confidences that
Drumtochy reserve, "a'm a
naebody o' ma ain blude ta
livin', or tae lift me intae ma
deid.

"A' fecht awa at Muirtown
extra pound on a beast, or a
quarter o' barley, an' what's
Burnbrae gaes aff tae get a g
Or a buke for his college lade
Campbell 'ill no leave the plac
ribbon for Flora.

"Ilka man in the Kildrum
ome bit fairin' his pooch
me that he's bocht wi' the s
"an' comin' naebody tae b
daffin' (joking) wi' me abo
at feeling ma pockets. Ou ay,
ther hooses, though they tri

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

frae me for fear a' wud lauch at them. Me lauch, wi' ma cauld, empty hame!

"Yir the only man kens, Weelum, that I aince luv'd the noblest wumman in the glen or onywhere, an' a' luve her still, but wi' anither luve noo.

"She had given her heart tae anither, or a've thocht a' nicht hae won her, though nae man be worthy o' sic a gift. Ma hert turned tae bitterness, but that passed awa beside the brier bush whar George Hoo lay yon sad simmer time. Some day a'll tell ye ma story, Weelum, for you an' me are auld freends, and will be till we dee."

MacLure felt beneath the table for Drumsheugh's hand, but neither man looked at the other.

"Weel, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we haena mickle brichtness in oor ain hames, is tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoosé. Write the telegram, man, and Sandy



"THE EAST HAD COME TO MEE"



THROUGH THE FLOOD

'ill send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra morn.
and ye 'ill hae yir man the morn."

"Yir the man 'a' coonted ye, Drumsheugh,
but ye 'ill grant me ae favor. Ye 'ill la
pay the half, bit by bit—a' ken yir wullin
dae't a'—but a' haena mony pleasures, a
wud like tae hae ma ain share in sa
Annie's life."

Next morning a figure received Sir Geo
on the Kildrummie platform, whom
famous surgeon took for a gillie, but who
troduced himself as "MacLure of Drumt
ty." It seemed as if the East had come
meet the West when these two stood toget
the one in travelling furs, handsome and
tinguished, with his strong, cultured face a
carriage of authority, a characteristic type
his profession; and the other more marv
lously dressed than ever, for Drumsheugh
topcoat had been forced upon him for th
occasion, his face and neck one redness wit

the bitter cold; rough and ungainly, yet not without some signs of power in his eye and voice, the most heroic type of his noble profession. MacLure compassed the precious arrival with observances till he was securely seated in Drumsheugh's dog cart—a vehicle that lent itself to history—with two full-sized plaids added to his equipment—Drumsheugh and Hillocks had both been requisitioned—and MacLure wrapped another plaid round a leather case, which was placed below the seat with such reverence as might be given to the Queen's regalia. Peter attended their departure full of interest, and as soon as they were in the fir woods MacLure explained that it would be an eventful journey.

“It's a richt in here, for the wind disna get at the snaw, but the drifts are deep in the Glen, and th'ill be some engineerin' afore we get tae oor destination.”

Four times they left the road and took their

THROUGH THE FLOOD

way over fields, twice they forced a passage through a slap in a dyke, thrice they used gaps in the paling which MacLure had made on his downward journey.

“A’ seleckit the road this mornin’, an’ a’



ken the depth tae an inch ; we 'ill get through this steadin' here tae the main road, but oor worst job 'ill be crossin' the Tochty.

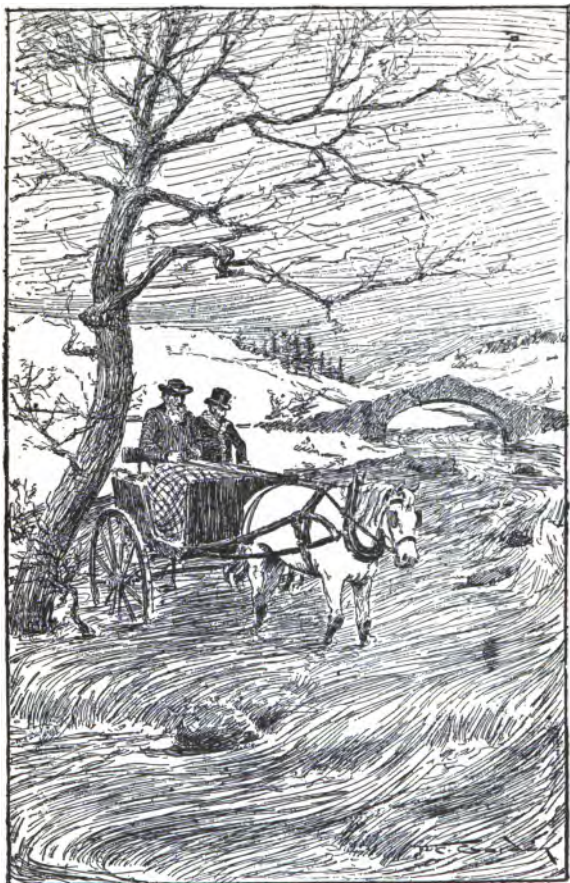
“Ye see the bridge hes been shaken wi’

CTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

flood, and we daurna venture on
v tae ford, and the snaw's been
Urtach way. There's nae doot
zey big, and it's threatenin' tae
ll win through wi' a warstle.
be safer tae lift the instruments

' the water ; wud ye mind had-
yir knee till we're ower, an' keep
eat in case we come on a stane in
e river."

me they had come to the edge,
ot a cheering sight. The Tocht
out over the meadows, and while
l they could see it cover another
on the trunk of a tree. There are
ods, when the water is brown and
a foam, but this was a winter flood,
ack and sullen, and runs in the
a strong, fierce, silent current.
posite side Hillocks stood to give
y word and hand, as the ford was



"THEY PASSED THROUGH THE SHALLOW WATER WITHOUT MISHAP"

1

1

1

THROUGH THE FLOOD

on his land, and none knew the
in all its ways.

They passed through the shallow
without mishap, save when the wheel struck
hidden stone or fell suddenly into a rut;
when they neared the body of the river Mr
Lure halted, to give Jess a minute's breathing
"It 'ill tak ye a' yir time, lass, an' a' wu
rather be on yir back; but ye never failed m
yet, and a wumman's life is hangin' on th
crossin'."

With the first plunge into the bed of th
stream the water rose to the axles, and then
crept up to the shafts, so that the surge
could feel it lapping in about his feet, wh
the dogcart began to quiver, and it seemed
if it were to be carried away. Sir George
as brave as most men, but he had never fo
a Highland river in flood, and the mas
black water racing past beneath, before
hind him, affected his imagination and s

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

ves. He rose from his seat and ordered
ure to turn back, declaring that he
be condemned utterly and eternally if
lowed himself to be drowned for any
n.

Sit doon," thundered MacLure; "con-
ned ye will be suner or later gin ye shirk
duty, but through the water ye gang the
."

Both men spoke much more strongly and
rtly, but this is what they intended to say,
and it was MacLure that prevailed.

Jess trailed her feet along the ground with
anning art, and held her shoulder against the
ream; MacLure leant forward in his seat, a
sin in each hand, and his eyes fixed on Hil-
ocks, who was now standing up to the waist
in the water, shouting directions and cheering
in horse and driver.

"Haud tae the richt, doctor; there's a hole
on der. Keep oot o't for ony sake. That's



"A HEAP OF SPEECHLESS MISERY BY THE KITCHEN FIRE."

THROUGH THE FLOOD

it; yir daein' fine. Steady, man, steady. Yir at the deepest; sit heavy in yir seats. Up the channel noo, and ye 'll be oot o' the swirl. Weel dune, Jess, weel dune, auld mare! Mak straicht for me, doctor, an' a'll gie ye the road oot. Ma word, ye've dune yir best, baith o' ye this mornin'," cried Hillocks, splashing up to the dogcart, now in the shallows.

"Sall, it wes titch an' go for a meenut in the middle; a Hielan' ford is a kittle (hazardous) road in the snaw time, but ye're safe noo.

"Gude luck tae ye up at Westerton, sir; nane but a richt-hearted man wud hae riskit the Tochtly in flood. Ye're boond tae succeed aifter sic a graund beginnin'," for it had spread already that a famous surgeon had come to do his best for Annie, Tammas Mitchell's wife.

Two hours later MacLure came out from Annie's room and laid hold of Tammas, a

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

P of speechless misery by the kitchen fire,
l carried him off to the barn, and spread
ne corn on the threshing floor and thrust a
il into his hands.

"Noo we've tae begin, an' we 'ill no be
une for an' oor, and ye've tae lay on without
toppin' till a' come for ye, an' a'll shut the
loor tae haud in the noise, an' keep yir dog
beside ye, for there maunna be a cheep about
the hoose for Annie's sake."

"A'll dae onything ye want me, but if—
if——"

"A'll come for ye, Tammas, gin there be
danger; but what are ye feared for wi' the
Queen's ain surgeon here?"

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save
twice, when Tammas crept to the door and
listened, the dog lifting his head and whin-
ing.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when
the door swung back, and MacLure filled the



"MA AIN DEAR MAN"



THROUGH THE FLOOD

doorway, preceded by a great burst of snow, for the sun had arisen on the great joy,

His face was as tidings of nothing like Elspeth told me that there was no glory, save to be seen that afternoon for the sun itself in the heavens.

"A' never saw the marrow o't, Tammas, a' all never see the like again; it's a' ower, mar without a hitch frae beginnin' tae end, and she's fa'in' asleep as fine as ye like."

"Dis he think Annie . . . 'ill live?"
"Of coorse he dis, and be about the hoose inside a month; that's the gud o' bein' a clean bluided, weel-livin'——"

"Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye it's a mercy a' keppit ye, or we wud hev h anither job for Sir George."

"Ye're a richt noo; sit doon on the st A'll come back in a whilie, an' ye i'll see A juist for a meenut, but ye maunna s word."

DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

He took him in and let him kneel by
bedside.

He said nothing then or afterwards, for
he came only once in his lifetime to Tam-
worth. Annie whispered, "Ma dear

When the doctor placed the precious bag
in Sir George's solitary first next

morning, he laid a cheque beside it and was
about to leave.

"No, no," said the great man. "Mrs. Mac-

Kenney and I were on the gossip last night,

and I know the whole story about you and

our friend.

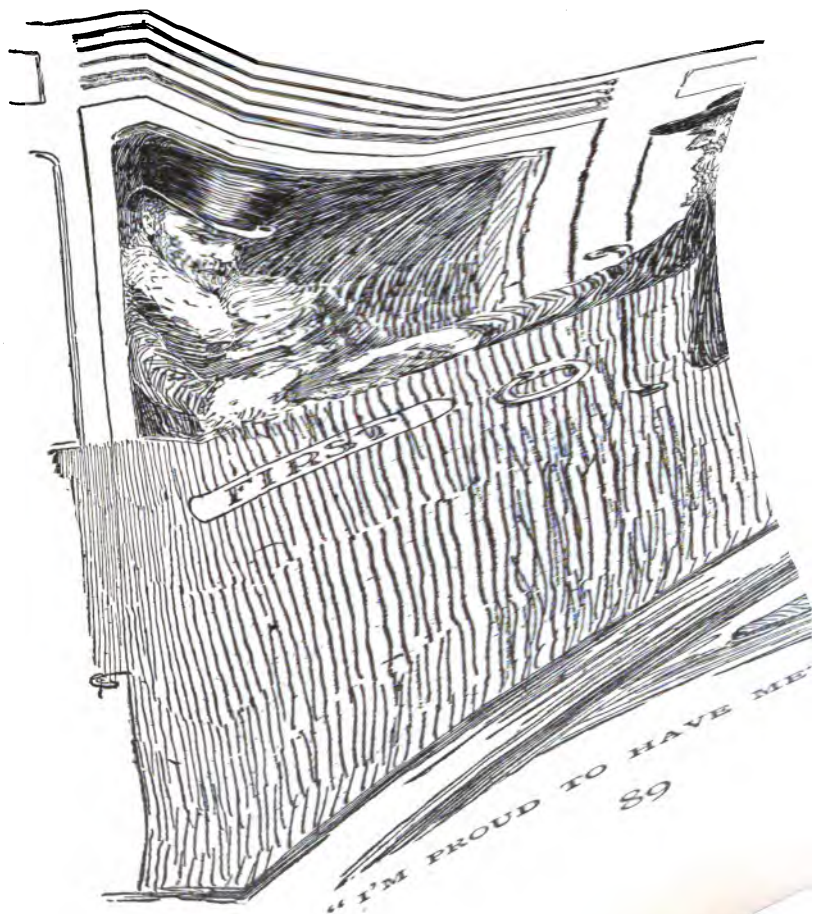
"You have some right to call me a coward,

but I'll never let you count me a mean, mis-

erly rascal," and the cheque with Drum-

sheugh's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on
the floor.

As the train began to move, a voice from
the first carriage so that all the station heard.





THROUGH THE FLO

"Give's another shake of your
Lure; I'm proud to have met
an honor to our profession.
It was market
and Hillocks had ventured down."

"Did ye hear yon, Hillocks? hoo dse ye
feel? A'll no deny a'm lifted,"
Halfway to the Junction Hillocks had re-
covered, and began to grasp the situation.

"Tell's what he said. A' wud like to hae it
exact for Drumsheugh."
"Thae's the eedential words, an' they're
true; there's no a man in Drumtochty disna
ken that, except ane."

"An' wha's thar, Jamie?"
"It's Weelum MacLure himsel. Man, a've
often gimed that he sud fecht awa for us a',
and maybe dee before he kent that he hed
Gither fair luvie than ony man in the Glen.
prood tae hae met ye, says Sir

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

George, an

land. 'Yir him the greatest doctor in the

"Hillocks, an honor tae oor-profession."

twenty notes, a' wudna hae missed it for
ordinary notes," said James Soutar, cynic-in-
to the parish of Drumtochty.

A FIGHT WITH DEATH.





WHEN Drumsheugh
was brought to t
of death by fever, caught
supposed, on an adventur
to Glasgow, the London

Lord Kilspindie's shooting lodge loo
his way from the moor, and declared
sible for Saunders to live through th
"I give him six hours, more or !
only a question of time," said the o

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

toning his gloves and getting into the brake;
"tell your parish doctor that I was sorry not
to have met him."

Bel heard this verdict from behind the
door, and gave way utterly, but Drumsheugh
declined to accept it as final, and devoted him-
self to consolation.

"Dinna greet like that, Bell wumman, sae
lang as Saunders is still livin'; a'll never
give up houp, for ma pairt, till oor ain man
says the word.

"A' the doctors in the land dinna ken as
muckle about us as Weelum MacLure, an' he's
ill tae beat when he's trying tae save a man's
life."

MacLure, on his coming, would say noth-
ing, either weal or woe, till he had examined
Saunders. Suddenly his face turned into iron
before their eyes, and he looked like one en-
countering a merciless foe. For there was a
feud between MacLure and a certain mighty



"GAVE WAY UTTERLY"



A
power which
Drumtochty.

FIGHT WITH DEATH
had lasted for so
“The London doctor said th
wud sough a wa afore mornin’, dic
he’s an authority on fevers an’ sic
an’ ought tae ken.

“It’s may be presumptuous o’ r
frae him, and it wudna be verra
Saunders tae live aifter this op.
Saunders wes awe tae gang his ov
he’s as like as no tae gang his ov
he’s as like as no tae gang his ov

“A’m no meanin’ tae reflect on
man, but he didna ken the seel
can read fevers like a buik, but h
across sic a thing as the Drumtoc
tion a’ his days.

“Ye see, when onybody gets
puir Saunders here, it’s juist a h
wrestle atween the fever and his
an’ of coorse, if he had been a st
feckless effeegy o’ a cratur, fed
99

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

made

dishes and pushioned wi' bad air, Saun-



“But Sau
five and th

ders
wud hae
nae chance; he
wes boond tae gae
oot like the snuff o' a candle.
ders hes been fillin' his lungs for
irty year wi' strong Drumtochty

air, an' eatin' naethin' but kirny
 drinkin' naethin' but fresh milk
 an' followin' the ploo through the
 sweet-smellin' earth, an' swingin' t
 haytime and harvest, till the legs
 him were iron, an' his chest wes lil
 o' an oak tree.

"He's a waesome sicht the nic
 ders wes a buirdly man aince, as
 lat his life be taken lichtly frae l
 he hesna sinned against Natur
 'ill stand by him noo in his oor "

"A' daurna say yea, Bell, r
 wud like, for this is an evil disea
 treacherous as the deevil himsel
 say nay, sae keep yir hert frae d

"It wull be a sair fecht, but i
 one wy or anither by sax o'clc
 morn. Nae man can prophecee
 but ae thing is certain, a'll no
Drumtochty man afore his time

Noo, Bell ma wumman, yir near
 an' nae wonder. Ye've dune a'
 man, an' ye 'll lippen (trust)
 Drumsheugh an' me; we 'ill
 you.
 doon an' rest, an' if it be the
 mighty a'll wauken ye in the
 livin' conscious man, an' if it b
 a come for ye the suner, Bell," a
 hand went out to the anxio
 ye ma word."
 e leant over the bed, and at the si
 face a superstitious dread
 doctor, the shadow of deith
 never lifts. A've seen it afore, o
 mither. A' canna leave hi
 leave him."
 hoverin', Bell, but it hesna fa
 it never wull. Gang but an
 for it's time we were at oor
 please
 some s



"BILL LEANT OVER THE BED"

A FIGHT WITH DEATH
"The doctors in the toons hae
kinds o' handy apparatus," said
Drumsheugh when Bell had got
an' me 'ill need tae be nurse the
sic things as we hev.

"It 'ill be a lang nicht and a
but a' wud rather hae ye, auld f
than ony man in the Glen. Ye
tae gie a hand?"

"Me feared? No, likely. M
cam tae me a haflin, and hes bee
heugh for twenty years, an' the
dour chiel, he's a faithfu' servant
It's waesome tae see him lyin'
like some dumb animal frae mor
an' no able tae answer his ain v
speaks.

"Div ye think, Weelum, he he

"That he hes, at ony rate, and
your blame or mine if he hesna r
While he was speaking, Macl

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

his coat and waistcoat and hung them on the back of the door. Then he rolled up the sleeves of his shirt and laid bare two arms that were nothing but bone and muscle.

"It gar'd ma very blood rin faster tae the end of ma fingers juist tae look at him," Drumsheugh expatiated afterwards to Hillocks, "for a' saw noo that there was tae be a stand-up fecht atween him an' deith for Saunders, and when a' thocht o' Bell an' her bairns, a' kent wha wud win.

"'Aff wi' yir coat, Drumsheugh,' said MacLure; 'ye 'ill need tae bend yir back the nicht; gither a' the pails in the hoose and fill them at the spring, an' a'll come doon tae help ye wi' the carryin'.'"

It was a wonderful ascent up the steep pathway from the spring to the cottage on its little knoll, the two men in single file, bareheaded, silent, solemn, each with a pail of water in either hand, MacLure limping painfully

in front, Drumsheugh blowing
 behind; and when they laid
 down their burden in the sick
 room, where the bits of furni-
 ture had been put to a side
 and a large tub held
 the centre, Drums-
 heugh looked curi-
 ously at the doctor.

"No, a'm no daft;
 ye needna be feared;
 but Yir tae get yir
 first Lesson in medicine the night,
 the Battle ye can set up for yersel

"There's twa dangers — tha
 strength fails, an' that the force
 grows; and we have juist twa we

"Yon milk on the drawers'
 bottle of whisky is tae keep up
 and this cool caller water is tae
 fever.



"We 'ill cast oot the fever by the virtue o' the earth an' the water."

"Div ye mean tae pit Saunders in the tub?"

"Ye hiv it noo, Drumsheugh, and that's hoo a' need yir help."

"Man, Hillocks," Drumsheugh used to moralize, as often as he remembered that critical night, "it wes humblin' tae see hoo low sickness can bring a pooerfu' man, an' ocht tae keep us frae pride.

"A month syne there wesna a stronger man in the Glen than Saunders, an' noo he wes juist a bundle o' skin and bone, that naither saw nor heard, nor moved nor felt, that kent naethin' that was dune tae him.

"Hillocks, a' wudna hae wished ony man tae hev seen Saunders—for it wull never pass frae before ma een as long as a' live—but a' wish a' the Glen hed stude by MacLure kneelin' on the floor wi' his sleeves up tae his oxters and waitin' on Saunders.

“ Yon big man wes as pitifu’
wumman, and when he laid the
his bed again, he happit him ow
dis her bairn.”

Thrice it was done, Drui
bringing up colder water from t
twice MacLure was silent ; but
time there was a gleam in his e

“ We’re haudin’ oor ain ;
maistered, at ony rate ; mair a’
three oors.

“ We ’ill no need the water
heugh ; gae oot and tak a bre
on gaird masel.”

It was the hour before
Drumsheugh wandered throug
trodden since childhood. The
ing in the pastures ; their shad
a patch of whiteness here and
weird suggestion of death.
burn running over the stones ;

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

he had made a dam that lasted till winter. The hooting of an owl made him start; one had frightened him as a boy so that he ran home to his mother—she died thirty years ago. The smell of ripe corn filled the air; it would soon be cut and garnered. He could



see the dim outlines of his house, all dark and cold; no one he loved was beneath the roof. The lighted window in Saunders' cottage told where a man hung between life and death, but love was in that home. The futility of life arose before this lonely man, and overcame

his heart
What a vanity was all
mystery all human life.

A FIGHT WITH DEATH
But while he stood, the air trembled
over the head and whispered. Drumsheds
him as if one had looked eastwards. A
lifted his head and the distant horizon, and
grey stole over the reddened before his eyes.
denly a cloud over the looked eastwards. A
sun was not in sight, but was rising, and
ing forerunners before his face. The cattle
gan to stir, a blackbird burst into song, and
before Drumsheugh the first ray of the sun
Saunders' house, the crossed the threshold
broken on a peak of the Grampians.
MacLure left the bedside, and as the
of the candle fell on the doctor's face, Drum
ough could see that it was going well
Saunders. e's nae waur; an' it's half six noo
e tae say mair, but a'm houpi

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

the best. **the** **needin'** 't, **worked** for it." Sit doon and take a sleep, for ye're
Drumsheugh, an', man, ye hae

As he dozed off, the last thing Drumsheugh saw was the doctor sitting erect in his chair, a clenched fist resting on the bed, and his eyes already bright with the vision of victory.

He awoke with a start to find the room flooded with the morning sunshine, and every trace of last night's work removed.

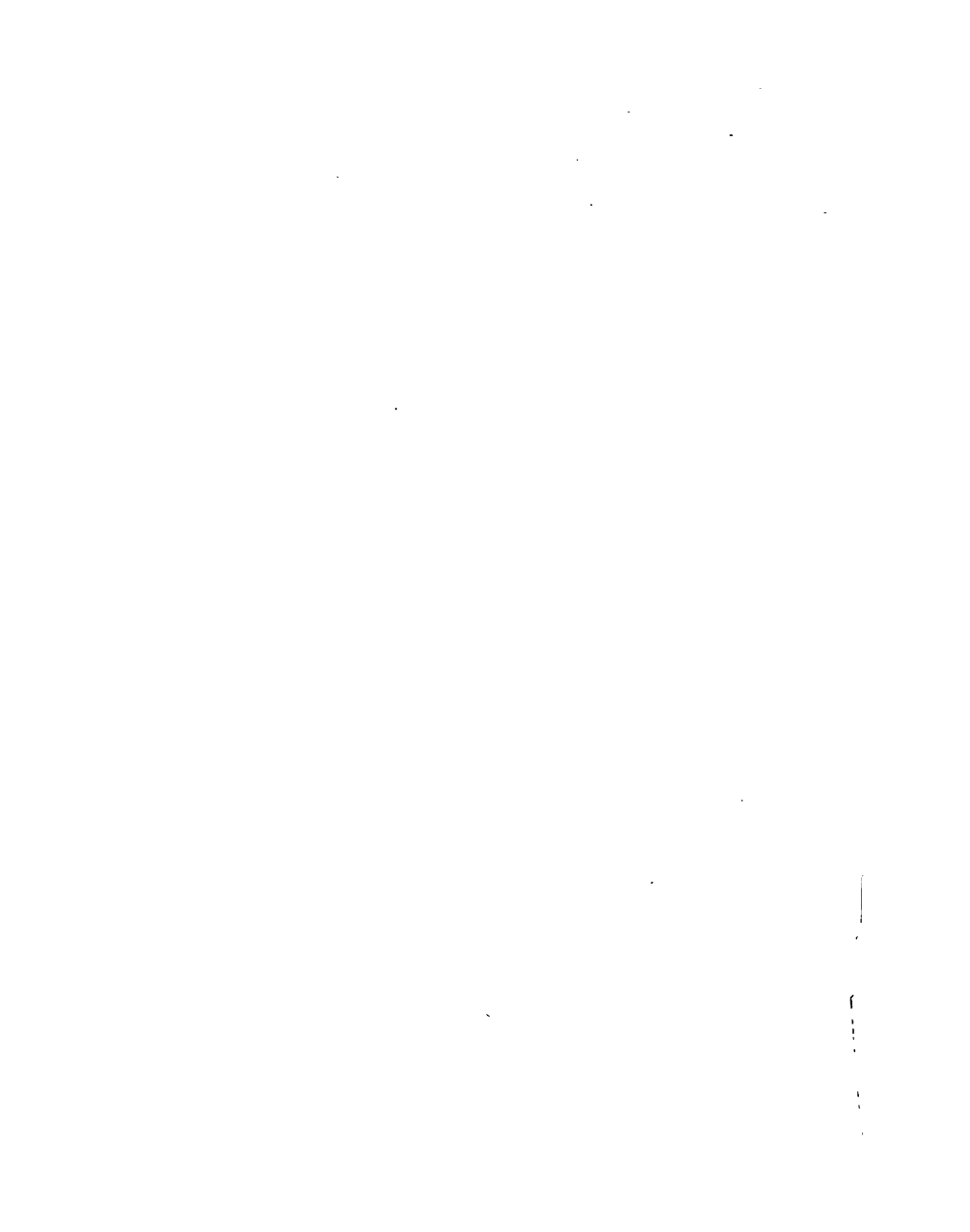
The doctor was bending over the bed, and speaking to Saunders.

"It's me, Saunders, Doctor MacLure, ye ken; dinna try tae speak or move; juist let this drap milk slip ower—ye 'ill be needin' yir breakfast, lad—and gang tae sleep again."

Five minutes, and Saunders had fallen into a deep, healthy sleep, all tossing and moaning come to an end. Then MacLure stepped softly across the floor, picked up his coat and waistcoat, and went out at the door.



"▲ CLENCHED FIST RESTING ON THE BED"



out

garden,

byre, where

tient for

strip of corn

reached an open

halt, and

himself to go.

His coat he flung east and his wa
as far as he could hurl them, and
he would have shouted had he been
mile from Saunders' room. Any
was useless for the adequate expr
struck Drumsheugh a mighty blo
nigh levelled that substantial mar
and then the doctor of Drumtoch
bulletin.

"Saunders
nicht, but he's livin' this meenu
live.

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

"He's got by the warst clean and fair, and wi' him that's as good as cure."

"It' ill be a graund waukenin' for Bell; she 'ill no be a weedow yet, nor the bairnies fatherless."

"There's nae use glowerin' at me, Drumsheugh, for a body's daft at a time, an' a' canna contain masel' and a'm no gaein' tae try."

Then it dawned on Drumsheugh that the doctor was attempting the Highland fling.

"He's 'ill made tae begin wi'," Drumsheugh explained in the kirkyard next Sabbath, "and ye ken he's been terrible mishannelled by accidents, sae ye may think what like it wes, but, as sure as deith, o' a' the Hielan flings a' ever saw yon wes the bonniest."

"A' hevna shaken ma ain legs for thirty years, but a' confess tae a turn masel. Ye may lauch an' ye like, neeburs, but the thocht o' Bell an' the news that wes waitin' her got the better o' me."



THE DOCTOR WAS ATTEMPTING THE I

7

A FIGHT WITH DEATH

Drumtochty did not laugh. He looked as if it could have done no more wise for joy.

"A' wud hae made a third gin there," announced Hillocks, aggressive.

"Come on, Drumsheugh," said J



tar, "gie's the end o't; it wes a mornin'."

"'We're twa auld fules,' says Mac-me, and he gaithers up his claites. set us better tae be tellin' Bell.'

"She wes sleepin' on the top o'

DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

wrapped in a plaid, fair worn oot wi' three
weeks' nursin' o' Saunders, but at the first
touch she was oot upon the floor.

"Is Saunders tae deein', doctor?" she cries.
"Ye promised tae wauken me; dinna tell me
it's a' ower."

"There's nae deein' about him, Bell; ye're
no tae lose yir man this time, sae far as a' can
see. Come ben an' jidge for yersel'."

"Bell lookit at Saunders, and the tears of
joy fell on the bed like rain.
"The shadow's lifted," she said; "the tears of
back frae the mooth o' the tomb."

"A' prayed last nicht that the Lord wud
leave Saunders till the laddies cud dae for
themselves, an' thae words came intae ma
mind, "Weepin' may endure for a nicht, but
joy cometh in the mornin'."

"The Lord heard ma prayer, and joy hes
come in the mornin'," an' she gripped the doc-

A FIGHT WITH DE

“ ‘Ye’ve been the instrumer
Lure. Ye wudna gie him up,



nae ither cud for him, an' a've
day, and the bairns hae their fath

“An' afore MacLure kent w

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

daein', Bell lifted his hand to her lips an' kissed it."

"Did she, though?" cried Jamie. "Wha wud hae thocht there wes as muckle spunk in Bell?"

"MacLure, of coorse, was clean scandalized," continued Drumsheugh, "an' pooed awa his hand as if it hed been burned.

"Nae man can thole that kind o' fraikin', and a' never heard o' sic a thing in the parish, but we maun excuse Bell, neeburs; it wes an occasion by ordinar," and Drumsheugh made Bell's apology to Drumtochty for such an excess of feeling.

"A' see naethin' tae excuse," insisted Jamie, who was in great fettle that Sabbath; "the doctor hes never been burdened wi' fees, and a'm judgin' he coonted a wumman's gratitude that he saved frae weedowhood the best he ever got."

"A' gaed up tae the Manse last nicht," con-



"I'VE A COLD IN MY HEAD, TO-NIGHT"

A FIGHT WITH DEATH

cluded Drumsheugh, "and tell
hoo the doctor focht aught oors
life, an' won, and ye never do
carried. He walkit up and meen
the time, and every other meen
nose like a trumpet.

"I've a cold in my head to
heugh," says he; "never mase
"A've hed the same sudden
stances; they come on sudden
"A' wagger there 'ill be a
laist prayer the day, an'
hearin'."

And the fathers went into
pectation. Thee for su
"We beseech Thee for su
Thy hand may be on them
Thou wuldst restore them
and "gth," was the famil
Sal congregation waitet

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

might be heard, and were not disappointed that morning, for the minister continued :

" Especially we tender Thee hearty thanks that Thou didst spare Thy servant who was brought down into the dust of death, and hast given him back to his wife and children, and unto that end didst wonderfully bless the skill of him who goes out and in amongst us, the beloved physician of this parish and adjacent districts."

" Didna a' tell ye, neeburs ? " said Jamie, as they stood at the kirkyard gate before dispersing ; " there's no a man in the coonty cud hae dune it better. ' Beloved physician,' an' his ' skill,' tae, an' bringing in ' adjacent districts ' ; that's Glen Urtach ; it wes handsome, and the doctor earned it, ay, every word."

" It's an awfu' peety he didna hear yon ; but dear knows whar he is the day, maist likely up——"

Jamie stopped suddenly at the sound of a

A FIGHT WITH DEATH

horse's feet, and there, coming
avenue of beech trees that made a
from the kirk gate, they saw the
Jess.

One thought flashed through the
the fathers of the commonwealth.

It ought to be done as he passed
would be done if it were not Sabbath
course it was out of the question on S

The doctor is now distinctly visible
after his fashion.

There was never such a chance, if
only Saturday; and each man reads
regret in his neighbor's face.

The doctor is nearing them rapidly
can imagine the shepherd's tartan.
Sabbath or no Sabbath, the Glen can
him pass without some tribute of their

Jess had recognized friends, and the
is drawing rein.

"It hes tae be dune," said Jamie

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

ately, "say what ye like." Then they all looked towards him, and Jamie led.

"Hurrah," swinging his Sabbath hat in the



air, "hurrah," and once more, "hurrah,"
Whinnie Knowe, Drumsheugh, and Hillocks

A FIGHT WITH DEATH

joining lustily, but Tammas Mitchell carrying all before him, for he had found at last an expression for his feelings that rendered speech unnecessary.

It was a solitary experience for horse and rider, and Jess bolted without delay. But the sound followed and surrounded them, and as they passed the corner of the kirkyard, a figure waved his college cap over the wall and gave a cheer on his own account.

"God bless you, doctor, and well done."

"If it isna the minister," cried Drumsheugh, "in his goon an' bans; tae think o' that; but a' respeck him for it."

Then Drumtochty became self-conscious, and went home in confusion of face and unbroken silence, except Jamie Soutar, who faced his neighbors at the parting of the ways without shame.

"A' wud dae it a' ower again if a' hed the chance; he got naethin' but his due."

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

It was two miles before Jess composed her mind, and the doctor and she could discuss it quietly together.

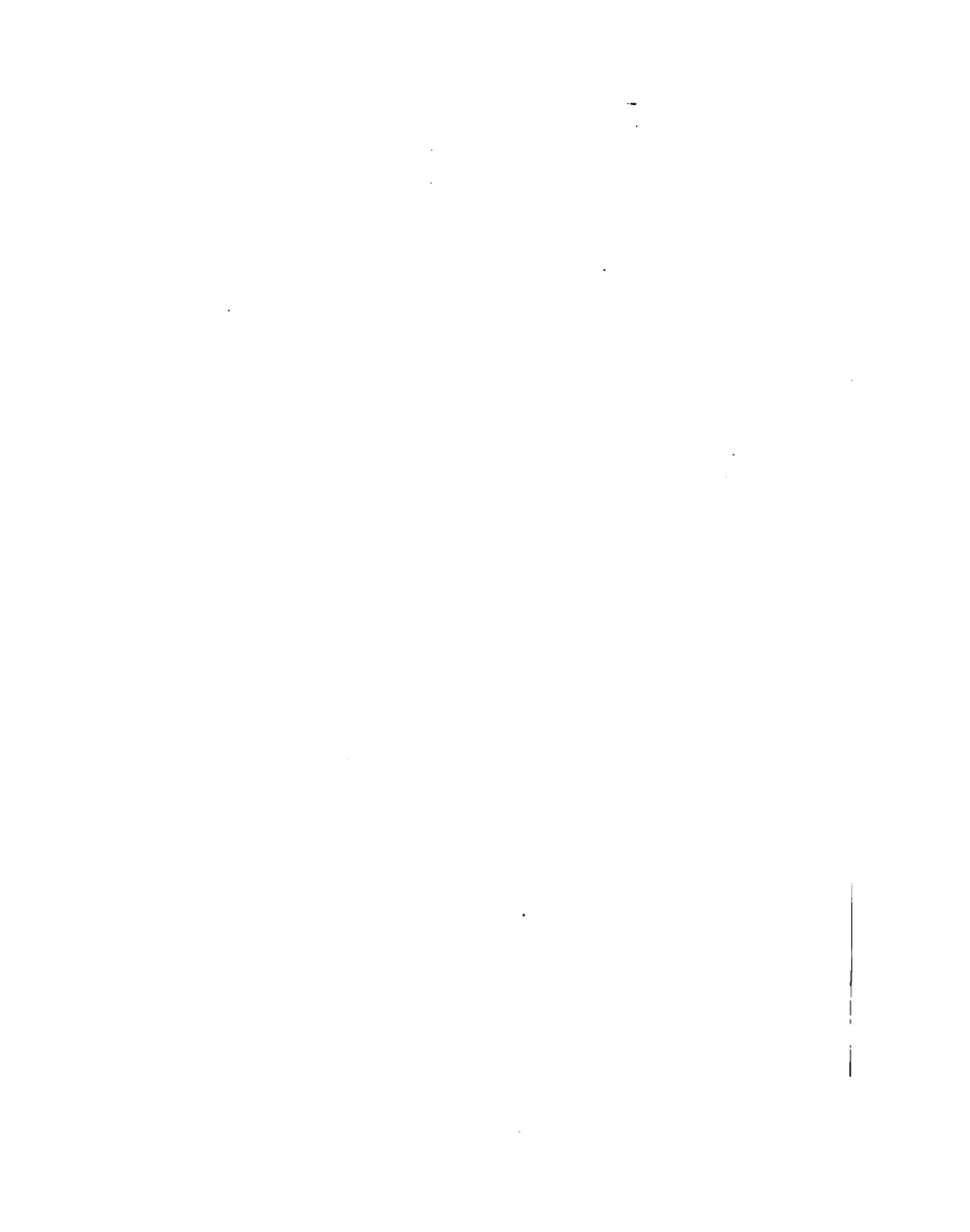
"A' can hardly believe ma ears, Jess, an' the Sabbath tae; their verra jidgment hes gane frae the fouk o' Drumtochty.

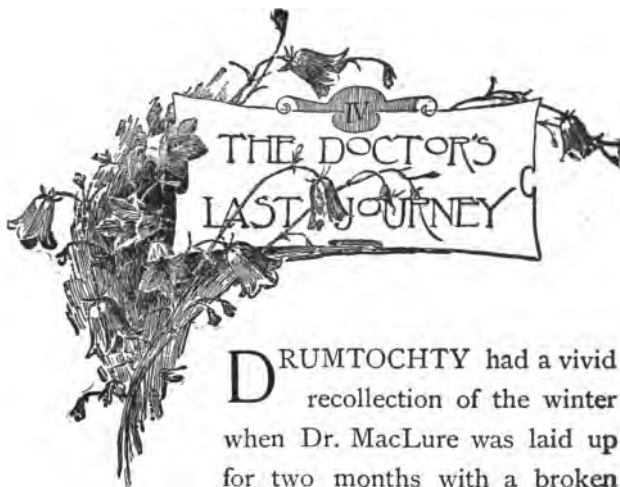
"They've heard about Saunders, a'm thinkin', wumman, and they're pleased we brocht him roond; he's fairly on the mend, ye ken, noo.

"A' never expeckit the like o' this, though, and it wes juist a wee thingie mair than a' cud hae stude.

"Ye hev yir share in't tae, lass; we've hed mony a hard nicht and day thegither, an' yon wes oor reward. No mony men in this world 'ill ever get a better, for it cam frae the hert o' honest fouk."

THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNEY.





DRUMTOCHTY had a vivid recollection of the winter when Dr. MacLure was laid up for two months with a broken leg, and the Glen was dependent on the dubious ministrations of the Kildrummie doctor. Mrs. Macfayden also pretended to recall a "whup" of some kind or other he had in the fifties, but this was considered to be rather a pyrotechnic display of

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Elsbeth's superior memory than a serious statement of fact. MacLure could not have ridden through the snow of forty winters without suffering, yet no one ever heard him complain, and he never pled illness to any messenger by night or day.

"It took me," said Jamie Soutar to Milton afterwards, "the feck o' ten meenuts tae howk him 'an' Jess oot ae snawy nicht when Drums turned bad sudden, and if he didna try to excuse **himself** for no hearing me at aince wi' some **story** aboot juist comin' in frae Glen Ur-tach, **and** no bein' in his bed for the laist twa nights.

"**He** wes that carefu' o' himsel an' lazy that **if it** hedna been for the siller, a've often thoct, Milton, he wud never hae dune a handstroke o' wark in the Glen.

"**What** scunnered me wes the wy the bairns were **ta'en** in wi' him. Man, a've seen him tak a **wee** laddie on his knee that his ain

THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNEY

mither cudna quiet, an' lilt 'Sing a song o' sax-
pence' till the bit mannie would be lauchin'
like a gude ane, an' pooin' the doctor's beard.



“As for the weemen, he fair cuist a glamour
ower them; they're daein' naethin' noo but
speak aboot this body and the ither he cured,

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

an' hoo he aye hed a couthy word for sick fouk. Weemen hae nae discernment, Milton; tae hear them speak ye wud think MacLure hed been a releegious man like yersel, although, as ye said, he wes little mair than a Gallio.

"Bell Baxter was haverin' awa in the shop tae sic an extent aboot the wy MacLure brocht roond Saunders when he hed the fever that a' gied oot at the door, a' wes that disgusted, an' a'm telt when Tammis Mitchell heard the news in the smiddy he wes juist on the greeting.

"The smith said that he wes thinkin' o' Annie's tribble, but ony wy a' ca' it rael bairnly. It's no like Drumtochty; ye're setting an example, Milton, wi' yir composure. But a' mind ye took the doctor's meesure as sune as ye cam intae the pairish."

It is the penalty of a cynic that he must have some relief for his secret grief, and Mil-

THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNALS

ton began to weary of life in during those days.

Drumtochty was not observant of health, but they had been about Dr. MacLure, and he was in the kirkyard all summer that he was aye spare," said

"He was sair twisted for the last but a' never mind him booe. An' he's gaein' intae sma' but dinna like that, neeburs.

"The Glen wudna dae weel with MacLure, an' he's no a Man, Drumsheugh, ye He's been workin' the saut water atween t' He's about due."

Drumsheugh was full of talk about the accident on the 11th. "I'll no need me to be explained to the

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

gaein' tae Brochty for a turn o' the hot baths;
they're fine for the rheumatics.

"Wull ye no come wi' me for auld lang



syne? it's lonesome for a solitary man, an' it
wud dae ye gude."

"Na, na, Drumsheugh," said MacLure, who

THE DOCTOR'S LAST JO

understood perfectly, "a've dunn
without a break, an' a'm laith
be takin' holidays at the tail end

"A'll no be mony months wi' ye
noo, an' a'm wanting tae yers
hev in the Glen. Ye see, an' a'

be getting ma lang rest, an' a'm
a'm wearyin' for it."

As autumn passed into winter
the doctor's hair be-
ticed that his manner had lost
and that his secret gratitude for
A feeling of secret gratitude a hug
and they united in a conspi-
Annie Mitchell knitted the doctor
and white, which the doctor
for one whole day, out of resp-
then he used to
ment
hot
hi

Hillocks and one drift
shelter till the won
brought a won

honey and whiskey, much tasted in Auchin-
darroch, for his cough, and the mother of
young Burnbrae filled his cupboard with black
jam, as a healing measure. Jamie Soutar
seemed to have an endless series of jobs in the
doctor's direction, and looked in "juist tae rest
himself" in the kitchen.

MacLure had been slowly taking in the sit-
uation, and at last he unburdened himself one
night to Jamie.

"What ails the fouk, think ye? for they're
aye lecturin' me noo tae tak care o' the weel
and tae wrap masel up, an' there's no a week
but they're sendin' bit presents tae the house,
till a'm fair ashamed."

"Oo, a'll explain that in a meenut," an-
swered Jamie, "for a' ken the Glen weel. Ye
see they're juist tryin' the Scripture plan o'
heapin' coals o' fire on yer head.

"Here ye've been negleckin' the fouk in
seeckness an' lettin' them dee afore their



"TOLD DRUMSHEUGH THAT THE DOCTOR WAS NOT ABLE TO RISE"

— 100 —

THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNEY

freends' eyes withoot a fecht, an' refusin' tae gang tae a puir wumman in her tribble, an' frichtenin' the bairns—no, a'm no dune—and scourgin' us wi' fees, and livin' yersel' on the fat o' the land.

“Ye've been carryin' on this trade ever sin yir father dee'd, and the Glen didna notis. But ma word, they've fund ye oot at laist, an' they're gaein' tae mak ye suffer for a' yir ill usage. Div ye understand noo?” said Jamie, savagely.

For a while MacLure was silent, and then he only said:

“It's little a' did for the puir bodies; but ye hev a gude hert, Jamie, a rael good hert.”

It was a bitter December Sabbath, and the fathers were settling the affairs of the parish ankle deep in snow, when MacLure's old housekeeper told Drumsheugh that the doctor was not able to rise, and wished to see him in the afternoon.

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

"Ay, ay," said Hillocks, shaking his head, and that day Drumsheugh omitted four pews with the ladle, while Jamie was so vicious on the way home that none could endure him.

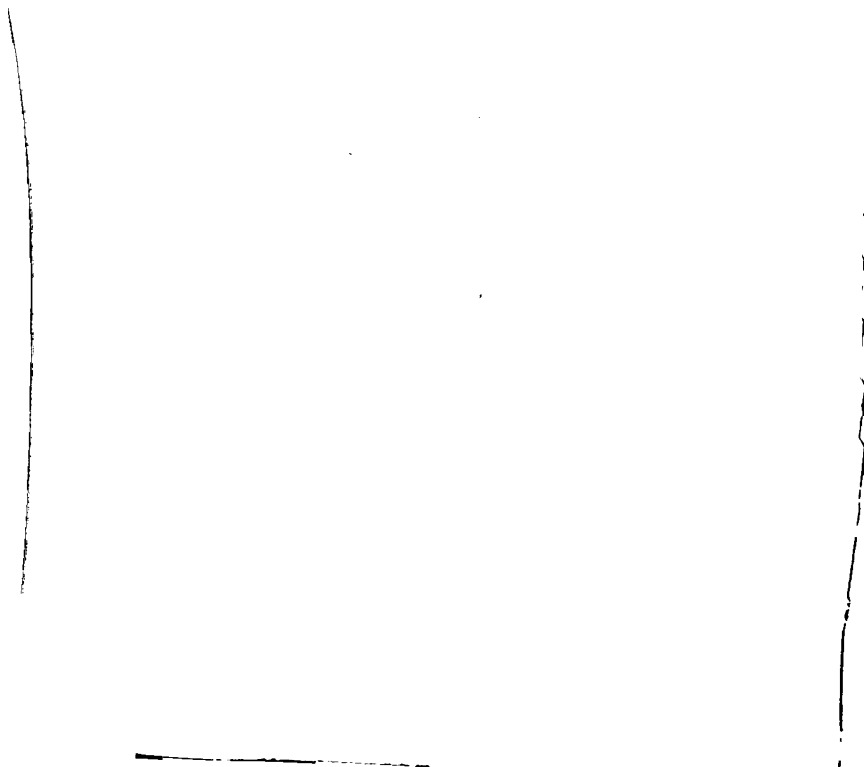
Janet had lit a fire in the unused grate, and hung a plaid by the window to break the power of the cruel north wind, but the bare room with its half-a-dozen bits of furniture and a worn strip of carpet, and the outlook upon the snow drifted up to the second pane of the window and the black firs laden with their icy burden, sent a chill to Drumsheugh's heart.

The doctor had weakened sadly, and could hardly lift his head, but his face lit up at the sight of his visitor, and the big hand, which was now quite refined in its whiteness, came out from the bed-clothes with the old warm grip.

"Come in by, man, and sit doon; it's an



"WITH THE OLD WARM GRIP"



THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURNALS

"Awfu' day tae bring ye sae far,
wudna grudge the traivel.

"A' wesna sure till last nicht
felt it wudna be lang, an' a' took
this mornin' tae see ye.

"We've been friends sin' we were
the auld school in the firs, an' a' w
tae be wi' me at the end. Ye 'ill
nicht, Paitrick, for auld lang syne."

Drumsheugh was much shaken,
sound of the Christian name, which
not heard since his mother's death, &
a "grue" (shiver), as if one had spo
the other world.

"It's maist awfu' tae hear ye speak
deen', Weelum; a' canna bear it.
hae the Muirtown doctor up, an'
about again in nae time.

"Ye hevna ony sair tribble;
trachled wi' hard wark an' need
Dinna say ye're gaein' tae leave us

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

e cannae dae without ye in Drumtochty;”
nd Drumsheugh looked wistfully for some
word of hope.

“Na, na, Paitrick, naethin’ can be dune, an’
it’s ower late tae send for ony doctor. There’s
a knock that canna be mista’en, an’ a’ heard it
last night. A’ve focht deith for ither fouk
mair than forty year, but ma ain time hes
come at laist.

“A’ve nae tribble worth mentionin’—a bit
titch o’ bronchitis—an’ a’ve hed a graund con-
stitution; but a’m fair worn oot, Paitrick;
that’s ma complaint, an’ its past curin’.”

Drumsheugh went over to the fireplace,
and for a while did nothing but break up the
smouldering peats, whose smoke powerfully
affected his nose and eyes.

“When ye’re ready, Paitrick, there’s twa or
three little trokes a’ wud like ye tae look
aifter, an’ a’ll tell ye about *them* as lang’s ma
head’s clear.



"DRUMSHEUGH LOOKED WISTFULLY"

THE DOCTOR

"**A** 'didna keep bu
hed **a** guid memory,
ried **for** money aifter"
nae **accoonts** tae collec

"**But** the fouk are
and **they** 'ill be offerin' :
ma mind about it. Gin
her tae keep it and get
money, and she 'ill may
doctor at a time. Gin it
do) man, tak half of wi
Drumtochty man wud sco
circumstances; and if onyt
an' canna pay for him, see
when a'm oot o' the road."
"Nae fear o' that as lang :
lum; that hundred's still tae
an' a'll tak care it's weel spen
"Yon wes the best job we
er, an' dookin' Saunders, ye 'i
nicht, Weelum"—a gleam can

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

tor's eyes—"tae say neathin' o' the Highlan' fling."

The remembrance of that great victory came upon Drumsheugh, and tried his fortitude.

"What 'ill become o's when ye're no here tae gie a hand in time o' need? we 'ill tak ill wi' a stranger that disna ken ane o's frae anither."

"It's a' for the best, Paitrick, an' ye 'ill see that in a whilie. A've kent fine that ma day wes ower, an' that ye sud hae a younger man.

"A' did what a' cud tae keep up wi' the new medicine, but a' hed little time for readin', an' nane for traivellin'.

"A'm the last o' the auld schule, an' a' ken as weel as onybody thet a' wesna sae dainty an' fine-mannered as the town doctors. Ye took me as a' wes, an' naebody ever cuist up tae me that a' wes a plain man. Na, na; ye've been rael kind an' conseederate a' thae years."

"Weelum, gin ye cairry on sic nonsense ony

langer," interrupted Dr
leave the hoose; a' can

"It's the truth, Paitr
wi' our wark, far a'm fai

"Gie Janet ony sticks
tae furnish a hoose, and
pay the wricht (undertak
digger). If the new docto
and no verra rich, ye mi
buiks an' instruments; it 'i

"But a' wudna like y
she's been a faithfu' serva
There's a note or twa in th
an' if ye kent ony man that
o' grass and a sta' in his stabl
her maister—'

"Confoond ye, Weelum," t
heugh; "its doonricht cruel
like this tae me. Whar wud
tae Drumsheugh? she 'ill hae
an' manger sae lang as she

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

wudna like tae see anither man on Jess, and
nae man 'ill ever touch the auld mare."



"Dinna mind me, Paitrick, for a' expeckit
this; but ye ken we're no verra gleg wi' oor

THE DOCTOR'S LAST
tongues in Drumtochty, an' d
in oor hearts.

"Weel, that's a' that a' m
leave tae yersel'. A've neith
tae bury me, sae you an' the
tae lat me doon; but gin Tan
Saunders be stannin' near an
they wud like a cord, gie't tae
They're baith dour chiels, an
tae say, but Tammas hes a
there's waur fouk in the Glen

"A'm gettin' drowsy, an' a
follow ye sune, a' doot; wud
me afore a' fa' ower?

"Ye 'ill find ma mither
drawers' heid, but ye 'ill nee
tae 'the bed, for a'm no he
weel as a' wes when ye cam

Drumsheugh Put on
searched for a comfortable
light of the lamp fell on hi

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

the doctor's face where the shadow was now settling.

"Ma mither aye wantit this read tae her when she wes sober"(weak), and Drumsheugh



began, "In My Father's house are many mansions," but MacLure stopped him.

"It's a bonnie word, an' yir mither wes a sanct; but it's no for the like o' me. It's ower gude; a' daurna tak it.

"Shut the buik an' let it open itsel, an' ye

THE DOCTOR'S LAST JO

'ill get a bit a've been readin' a
laist month."

Then Drumsheugh found the P
in the Master tells us what God
Pharisee and of a penitent sinner,
to the words: "And the publican
afar off, would not lift up so much a
to heaven, but smote upon his breast
God be merciful to me a sinner."

"That micht hae been written for a
rick, or ony ither auld sinner that h
ished his life, an' hes naethin' tae say
sel'.

"It wesna easy for me tae get tae
a' cud hae managed wi' a stretch, an
langidge a' sudna, an' a' micht hae
tler, and not been so short in the text
see't a' noo.

"It's ower late tae mend, but ye
juist say to the foup that I wes sor
houpin' that the Almichty 'ill hae m

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

"Cud ye . . . pit up a bit prayer, Paitrick?"

"A' haena the words," said Drumsheugh in great distress; "wud ye like's tae send for the minister?"

"It's no the time for that noo, an' a' wud rather hae yersel'—juist what's in yir heart, Paitrick: the Almichty 'ill ken the lave (rest) Himsel'."

So Drumsheugh knelt and prayed with many pauses.

"Almichty God . . . dinna be hard on Weelum MacLure, for he's no been hard wi' onybody in Drumtochty. . . . Be kind tae him as he's been tae us a' for forty year. . . . We're a' sinners afore Thee. . . . Forgive him what he's dune wrang, an' dinna cuist it up tae him. . . . Mind the fouk he's helpit . . . the weemen an' bairnies . . . an' gie him a welcome hame, for he's sair needin't after a' his wark. . . . Amen."

"Thank ye, Paitrick, and gude nicht tae ye."

THE DOCTOR'S LAST!

Ma a' a true friend, gie's ye
 maybe no ken ye again,
 "Noo a'll say ma mither's

a sleep, but ye 'ill no leave m
 Then he repeated as he
 night of his life :

"This night I lay me dow
 I pray the Lord my soul
 And if I die before I wa
 I pray the Lord my soul

He was sleeping quietly
 drove the snow against the
 sudden "swish ;" and he in
 to say, in his sleep. Some

"Are ye frae Glen Urtac
 heard voice seemed to have :
 "Worse is she, an' suffer
 no lichtsome ; ye did richt t
 "The front door's drifted
 tae the back, an' ye 'ill get
 a'll be ready in a meenut.

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

"Gie's a hand wi' the lantern when a'm
saidling Jess, an' ye needna come on
till daylight; a' ken the road."



Then he was away in his sleep on some
errand of mercy, and struggling through the
storm.

THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURN

"It's a coorse nicht, Jess, an' he
lin'; can ye see afore ye, lass? fo
confused wi' the snaw; bide a wee
the diveesion o' the roads; it's a
back or forrit.

"Steady, lass, steady, dinna plu
drift we're in, but ye're no sinkin
noo; . . . there ye are on the road

"Eh, it's deep the nicht, an' I
baith, but there's a puir wumman
we didna warstle through; . . . I
ken fine what a'm sayin.'

"We 'ill hae tae leave the r
tak tae the muir. Sandie 'ill no
wife alane tae meet us; . . . fer
lass, and keep oot o' the holes.

"Yon's the hoose black in th
die! man, ye frichtened us; a'
ahint the dyke; hoos the wife?

After a while he began again
"Ye're fair dune, Jess, and s

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

we're baith gettin' auld, an' dinna tak sae weel
wi' the nicht wark.

"We 'ill sune be hame noo, *is the*
black wood, and it's no lang aifter *lik* ; we're
ready for oor beds, Jess ; . . . ay, ye *lik* a clap
at a time ; mony a mile we've gaed *heg*ither.

"Yon's the licht in the kitchen *wind*ow ;
nae wonder ye're nickering (neighing) ;
it's been a stiff journey ; a'm tired, las ;
a'm tired tae deith," and the voice *died* into
silence.

Drumsheugh held his friend's hand, *which*
now and again tightened in his, and *as he*
watched, a change came over the face on *the*
pillow beside him. The lines of weariness
disappeared, as if God's hand had passed over
it ; and peace began to gather round the
closed eyes.

The doctor has forgotten the toil of later
years, and has gone back to his boyhood.

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,"



"SHE'S CARRYIN' A LIGHT IN HER HAND"

THE DOCTOR'S LAST JOURN

h
t
repeated, till he came to the last
when he hesitated.

"Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me.

"Follow me . . . and . . . and . . .
next? Mither said I wes tae haed ready
she cam.

"'A'll come afore ye gang tae sleep, Wu
but ye 'ill no get yir kiss unless ye can feen
the psalm.'

"And . . . in God's house . . . for ev
more my . . . hoo dis it rin? a canna m;
the next word . . . my, my—

"It's ower dark noo tae read it, an' mit
'ill sune be comin.'"

Drumsheugh, in an agony, whispered i
his ear, "'My dwelling-place,' Weelum."

"That's it, that's it a' noo; wha said it;

"And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

"A'm ready noo, an' a'll get ma kiss v

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

mither comes; a' wish she wud come, for
tired an' wantin' tae sleep.

"Yon's her step . . . an' she's carryin'
licht in her hand; a' see it through the doo

"Mither! a' kent ye wudna forget yir la
die for ye promised tae come, and a've fee
ished ma psalm.

"And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

"Gie me the kiss, mither, for a've been wa
in' for ye, an' a'll sune be asleep."

The grey morning light fell on Drun
heugh, still holding his friend's cold hand, a
staring at a hearth where the fire had d
down into white ashes; but the peace on
doctor's face was of one who rested from
labours.

THE MOURNING OF THE GLEN.



DR. MACLURE was during the great storm which is still speaking and will remain the star snowfall in Drumtochty century. The snow was deep on that day, and the men that gave notice for the funeral had hard work to reach the doctor's distant patients. On Tuesday it began to fall again in heavy, fleecy

THE OLD SCHOOL
and continued till Thursday, and then on
Thursday the north wind rose and swept the
snow into the hollows of the roads that went
to the upland farms, and built it into a huge
bank at the mouth of Glen Urtach, and laid it
across our main roads in drifts of every size
and the most lovely shapes, and filled it
ices in the hills to the depth of fifty feet.

On Friday morning the wind had sunk to
passing gusts that powdered your coat with
white, and the sun was shining on one of
those winter landscapes no townsman can im-
agine and no countryman ever forgets. The
Glen, from end to end and side to side, was
clothed in a glistening mantle white as no fuller
on earth could white it, that flung its skirts
over the clumps of trees and scattered farm-
houses, and was only divided where the
Tochty ran with black, swollen stream. The
great moor rose and fell in swelling billows of
snow that arched themselves over the burns,

THE MOURNING OF TH

running deep in the mossy {
the black peat bogs with a t



crust. Beyond, the hills north
wards stood high in white ma
the black crags of Glen Urtac

and, above our lower Grampians, we
glimpses of the distant peaks that lifted
heads in holiness unto God.

It seemed to me a fitting day for William MacLure's funeral, rather than summer with its flowers and golden corn. He had been a soft man, nor had he lived an easy and now he was to be laid in the midst of austere majesty of winter, yet in rest across the sun. Jamie Soutar, with whom I toiled was gravely concerned.

"Nae doot it's a graund sicht; the like o' is no gien tae us twice in a generation, an' na king wes ever carried tae his tomb in sic a cathedral.

"But it's the fouk a'm conseederin', an' hoo they'll win through; it's hard eneuch for them 'at's on the road, an' it's clean impossible for the lave.

"They 'ill dae their best, every man o' them.



"TOILED ACROSS THE GLEN"

ye
weat
men n

THE MOURNING OF THE
depend on that, an' hed
wudna hev been si:
nissin'.

"A' wes mad at them, becaus
said onything when he wes leev
felt for a' that what he hed dune,
he kent it afore he deed.

"He hed juist ae faut, tae ma t
never jidged the waur o' him for
rochness—guid trees hae gnarl
he thotched ower little o' himsel

"Noo, gin a' hed asked him he
wud come tae his beerial, he v
'They 'ill be Drumsheugh an' ye
be twa or three neeburs besides
an' the fact is that nae man in
hae sic a githerin' if it werena fo

"Ye see," said Jamie, who h
ing heads all morning, "there's
in Glen Urtaeh—they're shut u
micht hae been a gude half u

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

leith wy, an' a'm telt there's nae road; an'



there's the heich
Glen, nae man
cud cross the
muir the day, an'
it's aucht mile
round;" and

Jamie proceeded to review the Glen in every detail of age, driftiness of road and strength of



F. C. Gordon

"ANE OF THEM GIED OWER THE HEAD IN A DRIFT, AND HIS NEEBURS
HAD TAE FU' HIM OOT,"

.

.

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A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

oot need; ane of them gied ower the head
in a drift, and his neeburs hed tae pu' him
oot.

"It took them a gude fower oors tae get
across, an' it wes coorse wark; they likit him
weel doon that wy, an', Jamie, man"—here
Drumsheugh's voice changed its note, and his
public manner disappeared—"what div ye
think o' this? every man o' them has on his
blacks."

"It's mair than cud be expeckit" said
Jamie; "but whar dae yon men come frae,
Drumsheugh?"

Two men in plaids were descending the hill
behind the doctor's cottage, taking three feet
at a stride, and carrying long staffs in their
hands.

"They're Glen Urtach men, Jamie, for ane
o' them wes at Kildrummie fair wi' sheep, but
hoo they've wun doon passes me."

"It canna be, Drumsheugh," said Jamie



"TWO MEN IN FLAIDS WE



THE MOURNING OF

greatly excited. "Glen Urt
sna like a locked door.

"Ye're no surely frae th
the men leaped the dyke a
back door, the snow falling
as they walked.

"We're that an' nae mist
we wud be lickit ae place, eh
sae weel acquaint wi' the hill
there wes some kittle (hazard

"It wes grand o' ye tae r
said Drumsheugh, "an' a'm

"He cam through as bad
ma wife," was Charlie's reply

"They're three mair Urt
come in by sune; they're fi
an' we saw them fording the
it took them a' their time,
their waists and rinnin' like
they jined hands and cam
the Urtach men went in to



THE MOURNING OF

except the heich Glen, an' them."

"Dinna be sae sure o' the terrible like them on the road their head;" and so it was, that Old Adam Ross absent, detailing eighty-two years of age.

"It wud hae been temptin' cross the muir," Whinnie explained a fell stap roond; a' doot we'r

"See, Jamie," said Drumshe to the house, "gin there be in sicht afore we begin; we m'ances the day wi' twa feet o' srtae say naethin' o' drifts."

"There's something at the no fouk; it's a machine o' son—may be a bread cart that's

"Na, it's no that; there's afore the ither; if it's no a dog in the front; they 'ill be comin'

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

What wud ye sae, Jamie," Hillock *sug*
ed, "but it micht be some o' thae *Muir-*
a doctors? they were awfu' chief wi' Mac-
e."

It's nae Muirtown doctors," cried Jamie,
great exultation, "nor ony ither doctors.
ken thae horses, and wha's ahind them.
ick, man, Hillocks, stop the fouk, and tell
umsheugh tae come oot, for Lord Kilspindie
; come up frae Muirtown Castle."

Jamie himself slipped behind, and did not
sh to be seen.

"It's the respeck he's gettin' the day frae
gh an' low," was Jamie's husky apology;
ae think o' them fetchin' their wavy doon frae
en Urtach, and toiling roond frae the heich
en, an' his Lordship driving through the
juist tae hon-

ifts a' the road frae Muirtown
r Weelum MacLure's beeria
"It's nae ceremony the day,
e it; it's the hert brocht

ye may lippen
ae fouk, an' ye



"TWA HORSES, ANE AFORE THE 1TH

—

THE MOURNING

can see it in *their faces*,
reason, an' *he's thinki'*
speakin' o' *naethin'* but *th*
the day *Weelum pued h*
o' death, or *the nicht h*
in her oor o' *tribble*.

"That's *why they pit*
mornin' afore it *wes licht*,
the *sna drifts at risk o' li*
canna say muckle, it's an
'ill dae their best tae *sh*
read it a' in their een.

"But wae's me"—ar
utterly behind a fir tree,
cynic's heart—"that fou
wark a' his days withou
him honour till he dees.
githered like this *juis*
livin', an' lat him see h
vain. His reward has c

During Jamie's vain

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

bearing the marks of a wild passage in the snow-covered wheels, a broken shaft tied with rope, a twisted lamp, and the panting horses, pulled up between two rows of farmers, and Drumsheugh received his lordship with evident emotion.

“Ma lord we never thoct o’ this an’ sic a road.”

“How are you, Drumsheugh? and how are you all this wintry day? That’s how I’m half an hour late; it took us four hours’ stiff work for sixteen miles, mostly in the drifts, of course.”

“It wes gude o’ yir lordship, tae mak sic an effort, an’ the hale Glen wull be gratefu’ tae ye, for ony kindness tae him is kindness tae us.”

“You make too much of it, Drumsheugh,” and the clear, firm voice was heard of all; “it would have taken more than a few snow drifts to keep me from showing my respect to William MacLure’s memory.”



"HE HAD LEFT HIS OVERCOAT AND WAS

THE MOURNING OF

When all had gathered in
fore the kitchen door, Lord
out—every man noticed he
coat, and was in black, like
took a place in the middle
and Burnbrae, his two children
right and bared his head.
every man looked on the

The doctor looked on the
dred men such as for strength
could hardly have matche
standing out in picturesque
white background, and he s

“It’s a bitter day, friends,
are old; perhaps it might
your heads before I begin to

Lord Kilspindie, stand
grey-headed between the
replied:

“We thank you, Dr. D.
thoughtfulness; but he ends

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

in our service, and we are not afraid of a few minutes' cold at his funeral."

A look flashed round the stern faces, and was reflected from the minister, who seemed to stand higher.

His prayer, we noticed with critical appreciation, was composed for the occasion, and the first part was a thanksgiving to God for the life work of our doctor, wherein each clause was a reference to his services and sacrifices. No one moved or said Amen—it had been strange with us—but when every man had heard the gratitude of his dumb heart offered to heaven, there was a great sigh.

After which the minister prayed that we might have grace to live as this man had done from youth to old age, not for himself, but for others, and that we might be followed to our grave by somewhat of "that love wherewith we mourn this day Thy servant departed." Again the same sigh, and the minister said Amen.

THE MOURNING OF THE

The "wricht" stood in the doo speaking, and four stalwart men c
They were the volunteers that
coffin and carry it for the first sta
Tammass, Annie Mitchell's man;
was Saunders Baxter, for whose
had his great fight with death;
was the Glen Urtach shepherd for
sake MacLure suffered a broken
fractured ribs in a drift; and
Dunleith man, had his own reas
brance.

"He's far lichtler than ye wud
big a man—there wesna much
ye see—but the road is heavy,
ye aifter the first half mile."

"Ye needna tribble yersel, w
man from Glen Urtach; "the'l
in the cairryin' the day," and
thankful some one had saved l

Surely no funeral is like un

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

or for pathos, and a peculiar sadness fell on
that company as his body was carried out who
for nearly half a century had been their help
in sickness, and had beaten back death time
after time from their door. Death after all
was victor, for the man that had saved them
had not been able to save himself.

As the coffin passed the stable door a horse
nieghed within, and every man looked at his
neighbour. It was his old mare crying to her
master.

Jamie slipped into the stable, and went up
into the stall.

"Puir lass, ye're no gaen' wi' him the day,
an' ye 'ill never see him again; ye've hed yir
last ride thegither, an' ye were true tae the
end."

After the funeral Drumsheugh came him-
self for Jess, and took her to his farm. Saun-
ders made a bed for her with soft, dry straw,
and prepared for her supper such things as



"DEATH AFTER ALL WAS VICTOR"

THE MOURNING OF THE

horses love. Jess would neither

rest, but moved uneasily in

seemed to be waiting for some

came. No man knows what a horse

take
her
th
horse



understands and feels, for God hath not giv
them our speech. If any footstep was hear
in the courtyard, she began to neigh, and wa
always looking round as the door opened
But nothing would tempt her to eat, and it

night-time Drumsheugh heard ~~he~~ crying
f she expected to be taken out ~~for~~ some
lden journey. The Kildrummie Veterinary
ne to see her, and said that nothing could
done when it happened after this fashion
th an old horse.

"A've seen it aince afore," he said. "Gin
ie were a Christian instead o' a horse, ye
nicht say she wes dying o' a brok ~~en~~ hert."

He recommended that she shoud be shot
end her misery, but no man could be found
in the Glen to do the deed and Jess relieved
hem of the trouble. When Drumsheugh
went to the stable on Monday morning, a
week after Dr. MacLure fell on sleep, Jess was
resting at last, but her eyes were open and her
ace turned to the door.

"She wes a' the wife he
is he rejoined the procession
ine anither weel."

The black thread wound

ed," said Jamie,
"an' they luv'd

itself along the

THE MOURNING OF THE GLEN

*whiteness of the Glen, the coffin first
lordship and Drumsheugh behind
others as they pleased, but in closer r
usual, because the snow on either
deep, and because this was not as oth
als. They could see the women stai
the door of every house on the hills
weeping, for each family had some good
in forty years to remember MacLure.*

Bell Baxter saw Saunders alive, and the
of the doctor that saved him on her
shoulder, she bowed her head on the
and the bairns in the village made such a
for him they loved that the men nearly
graced themselves.

“A’m gled we’re through that, at ony rat
said Hillocks; “he wes awfu’ taen up wi’ ti
bairns, conseederin’ he hed nane o’ his ain.”

There was only one drift on the road be
tween his cottage and the kirkyard, and it hac
been cut early that morning.

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Before daybreak Saunders had roused the lads in the bothy, and they had set to work by the light of lanterns with such good will that, when Drumsheugh came down to engineer a circuit for the funeral, there was a fair passage,



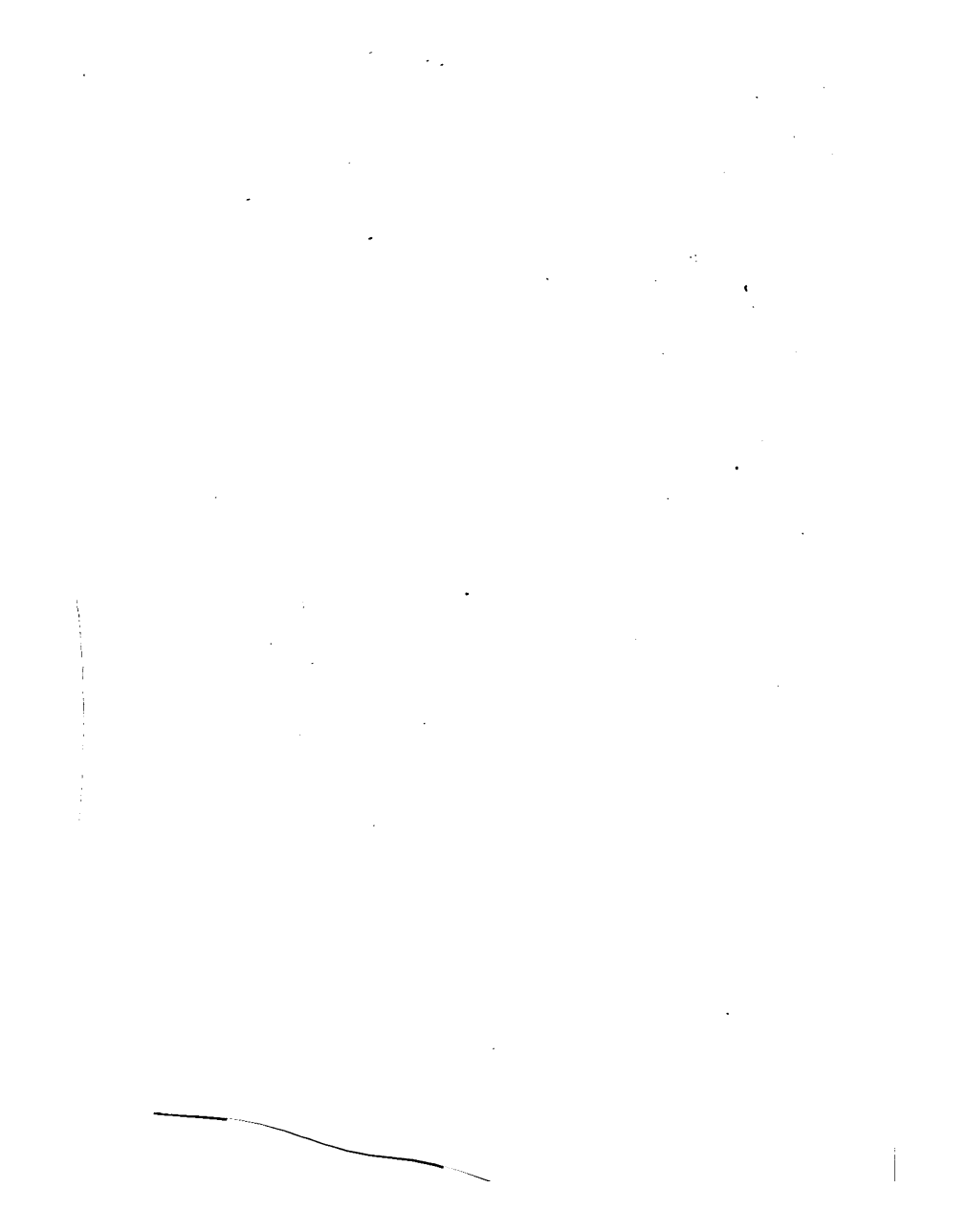
with walls of snow twelve feet high on either side.

“Man, Saunders,” he said, “this wes a kind thoct, and rael weel dune.”

But Saunders’ only reply was this :



"STANDING AT THE DOOR"



THE MOURNING

“Mony a time he’s
nicht as weel hae an
traivel.”

When the coffin was laid
of the grave, the only bla-
kirkyard, Tammas Mitchel-
tiful thing in all his life.
carefully wiped off the snow
blown upon the coffin, and
the name, and when he had
appeared behind the others
heugh could hardly find his
For these were the eight tha-
Lure—Lord Kilspindie at the
and Drumsheugh at his feet
two ministers of the parish
right and left; then Burnbra-
the farmers, and Saunders an
plowmen. So the Glen he
rest.

When the bedrel had finished

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

the turf had been spread, Lord Kilspindie spoke :

“ Friends of Drumtochty, it would not be right that we should part in silence and no man say what is in every heart. We have buried the remains of one that served this Glen with a devotion that has known no reserve, and a kindliness that never failed, for more than forty years. I have seen many brave men in my day, but no man in the trenches of Sebastopol carried himself more knightly than William MacLure. You will never have heard from his lips what I may tell you to-day, that my father secured for him a valuable post in his younger days, and he preferred to work among his own people; and I wished to do many things for him when he was old, but he would have nothing for himself. He will never be forgotten while one of us lives, and I pray that all doctors everywhere may share his spirit. If it be your

THE MOURN

pleasure, I shall
and shall ask
Dr. Davidson, my ol.
text to be inscribed."

"We thank you, Le
doctor, "for your pres
row and your tribute
liam MacLure, and I c

"Greater love hath
a man lay down his lif

Milton was, at that
of a very bitter theolo
was stirred by this ung

"No doubt Dr. Mac
virtues, an' he did his
peety he didna mak
gion."

"When William M
the Judge, Milton," s
who that day spoke h
and they were in defe

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

not be asking him about his professions, for the doctor's judgment has been ready long ago ; and it is a good judgment, and you and I will be happy men if we get the like of it.

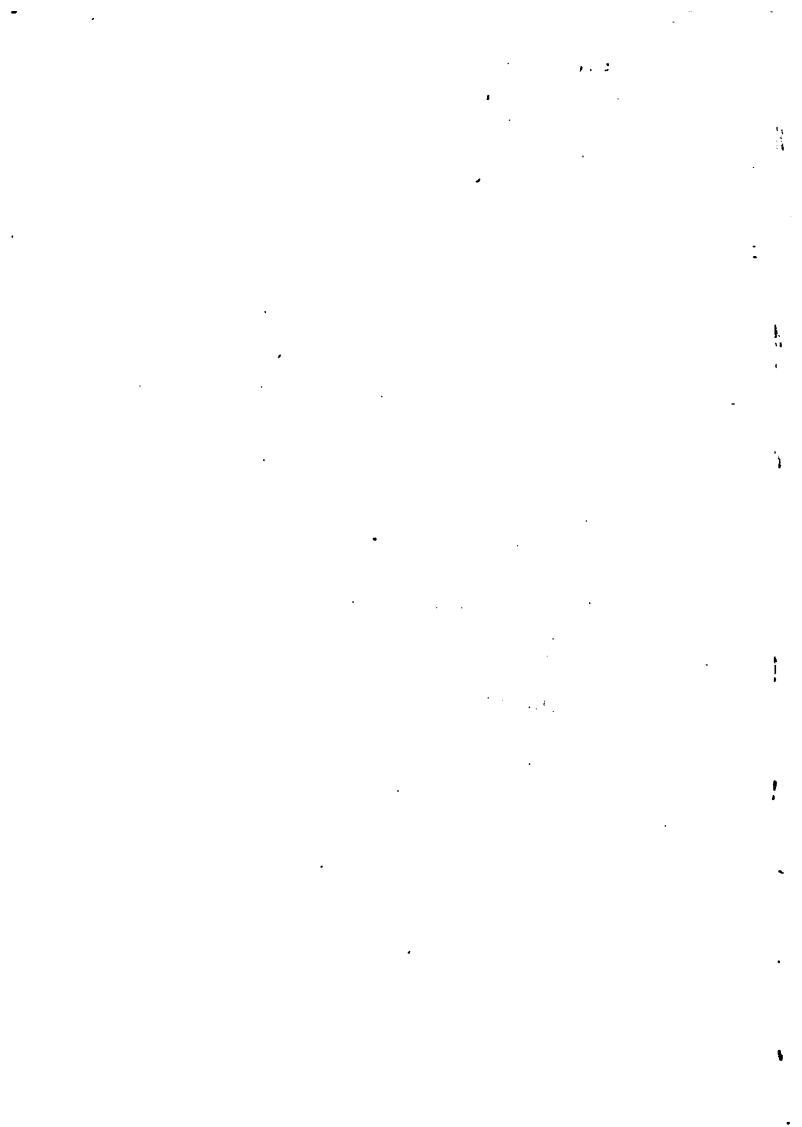
"It is written in the Gospel, but it is William MacLure that will not be expecting it."

"What is't Lachlan?" asked Jamie Soutar eagerly.

The old man, now very feeble, stood in the middle of the road, and his face, once so hard, was softened into a winsome tenderness.

"'Come, ye blessed of My Father . . . I was sick and ye visited Me.'"





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